

Atlantic

AUGUST 1979. \$1.00

Insight

**Richard Hatfield
married politics
for life. Can he
save the nation?**

**Also: The brutal
tale of Britain's
"home children"
in Atlantic
Canada**



Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

Royal Reserve is proof that a great
rye need not be expensive.
Light, mixable character and
fine quality at a truly
modest price.

A PROUD
CANADIAN



Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1859.

Atlantic Insight

August 1979, Vol. 1 No. 5



18

Cover Story: The strange success of the senior premier, Richard Hatfield. He aims at nothing less than the salvation of Canada. A personal look by Stephen Kimber

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HOMER



23

Peter Beamish, ocean scientist, moved to Trinity, Newfoundland, bought a hotel, sets sail to sidle up to whales. For a price, you can join him



24

On the waterfront, Hog Town is a good town—specially in August when what's still the world's biggest country fair opens its doors to visitors



28

How a handful of racing-car buffs built Atlantic Motorsport Park—on a shoestring—and keep it going with little more than a song and a prayer



34

At work, Don Oliver is a Halifax lawyer. At home, he's a passionate chef. His duck à l'orange is sheer art. Tastes good, too



40

Bernard Safran, one of North America's top magazine illustrators, threw over his career, moved to a New Brunswick farmhouse, became a real painter

- 3 **Editor's Letter:** *Atlantic Insight's* staff bash. On the beach
- 6 **The Region:** The unsung revival of east-coast small business
- 8 **Nova Scotia:** Dream hospital could become taxpayers' nightmare
- 9 **New Brunswick:** Warming up an ancient chestnut, the Chignecto Canal
- 11 **Prince Edward Island:** How long can MacDonald toe a cabinet line?
- 12 **Newfoundland and Labrador:** Jamieson came home as a Liberal Moses. The Red Sea did not part
- 14 **Canada:** Joe Clark moved fast to bash top civil servants. Here's why
- 16 **International:** Maritime lobsters and bald eagles vs. Maine refinery
- 22 **Folks:** Man makes dummies pose, woman makes dogs play Bach
- 30 **Science:** The link between B.O. and fighting spruce budworms! Really
- 31 **Opinion:** Walter Stewart knows why Atlantic Union won't work; we're too darn "cussed"
- 33 **Nightlife:** A super little restaurant in a remote seaside corner of N.B.
- 36 **Special Report:** Thousands of destitute British waifs suffered on east-coast farms as "semi-slaves"
- 42 **Small Towns:** Chester, N.S., has a mid-summer atmosphere that's peculiarly its own
- 45 **Youth:** Delinquent boys visit cons at Dorchester, come out scared
- 46 **Calendar of events**
- 48 **Fisheries:** Ian Porter goes to sea to learn about a remarkable co-op
- 51 **Media:** In Newfoundland, it's the *Herald* vs. *T.V. Topics*. May the best TV guide win
- 52 **Armed Forces:** Should women tote guns? Some say Yes, others No
- 53 **Books:** Superb old photos of N.B.; so-so book about outpost teaching
- 55 **Movies:** Miss Piggy of *The Muppets* gives Martin Knelman a hard time
- 61 **Profile:** Lyman MacInnis of P.E.I. is the tax brain and confidante of Anne Murray and friends
- 62 **Fiction:** *Atlantic Insight's* first short story is by Alden Nowlan
- 64 **Ray Guy:** How to harass Come From Aways, Newfoundland-style

Regular
and
King Size



Join the swing to mildness.
Peter Jackson Extra Light.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size and Regular: 7mg "tar" 0.7mg nicotine.

Editor's Letter

The great Atlantic Insight lobster boil

Freelancers who live down east but sell stuff "up along" often complain they feel out of touch with the faceless Toronto-based editors of national magazines. Editors phone them only when copy is late or unsatisfactory, and they phone editors only when someone forgets to pay them. Moreover, they rarely meet editors to press the flesh or have a drink. So far as the big Toronto markets go, they feel isolated, like military observers in the Arctic, or a forest-fire lookout in a tower.

We didn't want our regular correspondents to suffer this professional loneliness so we invited them to a party: An old-fashioned Nova Scotian lobster boil at Crystal Crescent Beach about 25 miles from Halifax. Colleen Thompson came down from Fredericton, Kennedy and Marilyn Wells came over from P.E.I., Jon Everett brought his little daughter, Samara, from Saint John. Meanwhile, *Atlantic Insight* staff had set up three gargantuan pots, and publisher Bill Belliveau had ordered gobs of live lobsters.

Around noon on a hot, bright, windy Saturday, staff began to drift out to this perfect beach with their salads, Solomon Gundy, devilled eggs, banana bread, garlic bread, Boston brown bread, blueberry grunt, rhubarb pie, carrot cake, trifle, hollowed out watermelons filled with rum, and what turned out to be enough other drink to satisfy the entire crew of a navy destroyer. What with kids and spouses, there were about 50 of us tossing frisbees, baseballs and footballs around, and just stretching

out on the soft sand under the hot heavens.

I'd forgotten to bring a fork but I didn't need it, not even to eat Pam Lutz's wonderfully sticky baked beans. I just put the edge of the plate on my lower teeth and shovelled them in with Marilyn MacDonald's tea biscuits. The lobsters, cooked with globs of green seaweed, weren't ready till 4 p.m. The temperature nudged 33 degrees Celsius and, by then, the sun had turned some of us as red as they were. The hours in the onshore breeze had turned us all ravenous, and I've never tasted better lobster. Hunger really is the best sauce.

We all met Colleen, Ken and Jon, and they met all of us, and the day was everything we'd hoped it would be. Just a fine, friendly feed on limitless lobster, the world's best outdoor eating.

Later, I got a touching note from Dick Brown. He's a good Toronto freelancer who's been sending us stuff on

Maritimers and Newfoundlanders who've been doing well up there, and he'd heard about our lobster boil. He loves lobster. He felt strangely out of touch with *Atlantic Insight* staff. He never saw us. We talked by phone only occasionally. So sad.

Surely this was a first: A *Toronto* freelancer feels isolated from a down-home magazine. We told him to find a good Toronto restaurant, and order himself a lobster dinner. On us. Bob Wakeham of St. John's missed the party, too. He wanted to come but had to work that day. He gets a lobster dinner, too.. Long live good relations between *Atlantic Insight* and those who contribute to it from afar. Long live the ancient brotherhood and sisterhood of lobster-lovers.

Harry Bruce



Are they done? Yes. Editor Bruce, Publisher Belliveau, Managing Editor MacDonald dish up lobster for hungry magazine mob



DAFFNE NICHOLS

Editor

Harry Bruce

Managing Editor

Marilyn MacDonald

Art Director

Bill Richardson

Photography Director

David Nichols

Art Staff

Peter Gough

(Assistant Art Director)

Bruce E. Smith

Copy Editor

Pat Lotz

Researcher

Roma Senn

Typesetter

Nancy MacPherson

Editorial Assistant

Pam Lutz

Correspondents:

Jon Everett, Saint John

Colleen Thompson, Fredericton

Bob Wakeham, St. John's

Kennedy Wells, Charlottetown

Contributing Editor

Stephen Kimber, Halifax

Publisher, President

Impact Publishing Limited

W. E. Belliveau

Assistant Publisher

Peter Belliveau

Circulation Manager

Neville Gilfoy

Circulation Sales

Valerie Legge

Subscription Supervisor

Shirlee MacInnis

Advertising Sales Manager

Eldon McKeigan

Telephone:

(902) 422-4355

In New Brunswick & P.E.I. contact:

Leo Deveau

Box 3420 Postal Station B

Fredericton, N.B. E3A 5H2

Telephone: (506) 454-4693

National Sales

John McGown & Associates Inc:

Dave Richardson

785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310

Town of Mount Royal

Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3

Telephone: (514) 735-5191

Paul Griffin

4800 Dundas St. W.

Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1

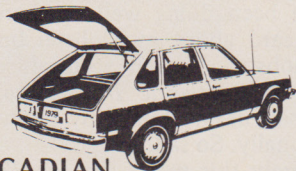
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

Atlantic Insight is published 11 times a year by Impact Publishing Limited, 6088 Coburg Road, Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z4. Editorial Offices: 6073 Coburg Road, Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z1. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year \$9.00, out of Canada, 1 year \$15.00. Contents Copyright © 1979 by Impact Publishing, may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

SERVICE SELECTION SATISFACTION

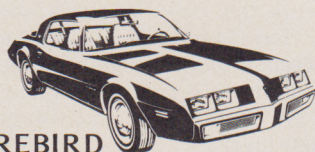


MOTORS LTD.



ACADIAN

The small car from Pontiac. Probably everything you want in a small car, wrapped up in a stylish package. Value, comfort, style and fun, for a very attractive price!



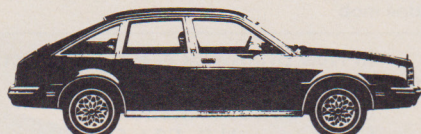
FIREBIRD

A bold new breed of wow! With styling that gives a strong hint of the power that lurks below those clean contours. Put some Fire in your life. Choose the Firebird that's going your way!



LE MANS

Pontiac's mid-size car with some full-size ideas. In fact, just about everything you want from a full-size car, except the size. Clean, uncluttered styling; solid comfort; all the power you need.



PHOENIX LJ HATCHBACK

Front-wheel drive with advanced engineering for better fuel economy. 1980 Phoenix. Who'd believe this trim could be so roomy.

Convenient downtown location, large bright showroom, big selection, helpful staff. That's Citadel for you!



MOTORS LTD

1569 Brunswick Street
(at Sackville) HALIFAX

Letters

Vive les violons

The other day I was in my local store and noticed a large tray of beautiful fresh fiddleheads. Under our language law English signs in grocery stores are forbidden. Therefore, hanging above the fiddleheads was a sign informing shoppers of "Les têtes des violons." Who said the English of Quebec could not adapt!

Brian Webb
Montreal, P.Q.

Good news abroad

How very encouraging to all of us away from the Maritimes to see our region is not just holding its own but shaping its own.

Heather Lotherington
Papua, New Guinea

More applause

It would be easy to write a couple of paragraphs of adjectives describing the wonder of your magazine, which is a credit to our Atlantic Canada but I fear that wouldn't even do it justice. Hang in there. You're making us all proud of you.

C.E. Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

Your magazine is most informative and refreshingly honest. As we say in Newfoundland, "Long may your big jib draw."

Gladys Bates
Gander, Nfld.

Living in England, I find a dire shortage of Canadian news and, so far, a total lack of news about the Atlantic provinces. Your periodical fills the gap admirably. Please continue.

Christopher Gledhill
Brundall, Norwich
England

I find your magazine truly informative and worthwhile. I am hoping that you will continue publishing quality information as in your first issues.

John G. Hillier

Schools infuriate

Your magazine is on all counts a healthy and needed input to Atlantic culture. Re your excellent *School Book-Buying...* (May) article: The points are well taken and our schools' persistent neglect of regional issues is indeed infuriating.

Tony Mais
The International Atlantic
Salmon Foundation
St. Andrew's, N.B.

One man did not build the Mummers

I must express my dismay and disappointment at the article Susan Sherk wrote on Chris Brookes, *One Man's Vision Created the Mummers...* (May). It was, at best, a clear case of selective editing and, at worst, biased and inaccurate. I, along with a number of my fellow artists, left the Mummers Troupe to form a new company, Rising Tide Theatre. The Mummers have a rather unfortunate history of trouble and strife. Legally, the company was never ours. It belonged to Chris Brookes, Lynn Lunde and a largely non-functioning member, John Doyle. (Miller Ayre, Sherk's husband, now sits as the third member.) The Mummers were, in my opinion and that of many of my fellow actors, built on deceit and fraud. While I would not expect your correspondent to detail such events, I do expect some attempt to give us fair mention. One man's vision did not build the Mummers any more than one man's vision built this country. Brookes has run into considerable criticism for the way he's run the LSPU hall. Artists are even considering a boycott of the building and the Mummers. Sherk has insulted and upset not only the artists and ex-Mummers living here, but portions of our audience as well.

Donna Butt
St. John's, Nfld.

False panacea?

I was happy to read your lucid account of the spruce budworm spray controversy, *The Agonizing Fight Over Budworm Spray* (June), and especially your opinion column, *The Best Spray Is No Spray*. I am very proud of Nova Scotia for resisting the great pressure placed upon its leaders to use this spray and for protecting us who live here from this proven false panacea.

Margaret H. Gill
Hopewell, N.S.

The objectivity of the Special Report on the budworm in the June issue provided a neat contrast to the accompanying Opinion (which was printed on appropriately colored paper). Opinion, like free advice, is worth exactly what you pay for it.

John G. Leefe, MLA
Liverpool, N.S.

Oh, Montreal

The article and pictures on Montreal (*Montreal Is Still a Fine, Friendly Town*, June) made me homesick and proud. I was born there and I've felt many people don't really know how

beautiful it is. By the way, the English people in Montreal call running shoes sneakers too.

Heather Lee Crosby
New Glasgow, N.S.

X-rays inadequate

Thank you for your article on black lung disease, *Why the X-ray Fails to Detect the Coal Miners' Curse* (May). My dad was a Cape Breton coal miner who was a victim of black lung and, like so many others, his condition did not show up on the x-ray until it was too late. The x-ray is obviously a poor method of diagnosing black lung. Certainly it is totally inadequate as a criterion for granting compensation.

Jackie Morrison
Moncton, N.B.

No deluge

Local cable companies did not lodge a protest with the CRTC against "too much" air time for PBS (*MPBN's "Holy War" in N.B. and N.S.*, June). They did apply to split the channel between CBS and PBS to satisfy public demands for CBS. The CRTC was not deluged with counter proposals. A total of 12 interventions were submitted, including one or two petitions.

John C. May
Dartmouth, N.S.

Nielsen has no taste

Robert Nielsen has been away too long and writes with a typical Upper Canada attitude in *Let's Quit Cheating American Tourists* (June). Motel rates are high in the Maritimes but compared to New England, usually lower. As for eating places, Mr. Nielsen's taste cannot be in his mouth.

David C. Hannah
Westfield, N.B.

More realists

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on the rising new realists, *Colville, Pratt, Forrestall Are Fine...* (May). Your omission of Sydney's Lloyd Pretty, however, as one of Nova Scotia's best was disappointing. His sellout shows in Halifax and the great demand for his paintings attest to the popularity of his work.

Barbara MacLean
Glace Bay, N.S.

A prominent Nova Scotian realist artist is Charles Chisholm. His paintings are now being collected by the Dow Chemical Company of Canada, Rothmans of Canada, the Sarnia Museum and Art Gallery and others. This summer he is being honored with four other native sons by his hometown, Inverness, Cape Breton.

Dr. C.A. Murchland
Mrs. C.A. Murchland
Port Hood, N.S.

Atlantic Canada's Regional Meeting Centre

3 Minutes from Halifax International Airport

By 24 Hour Courtesy Limousine Service

Meeting facilities tailored to meet every need for groups of 5-100 featuring a complete line of audio-visual equipment, P.A. system, screens, blackboards, flip charts, etc.



Food & Beverages Services Include

"First Class" Dining Room
Restaurant & Coffee Shop
"Piano Bar" Lounge

Other Features:

Over 115 well-appointed guest rooms
Indoor and outdoor swimming pool & suanas

Special Group Rates and Day Rates Available.

Call (902) 861-1860 or Telex 019 22815



Eureka! A modular building system geodesically designed for the amateur builder.

A fully engineered building system that allows adults with no building skills, the opportunity to save labor costs and erect their own home, cottage, garage, workshop, car port, in fact, anything that requires shelter.

For example, a structure 36" x 22" can easily be transported in a small truck

or utility trailer and assembled by three persons over one weekend.

Absolutely fireproof, water-tight, maintenance free, very easily insulated, super strong and meets all building codes.

You name it—we can cover it—faster—better and less expensive than other systems.

Please include measurements and intended use with your inquiry to:

Dealer inquiries

invited from
all areas of

Atlantic Canada

NAME

ADDRESS

.....CODE

PANEL STRUCTURES MARITIMES LIMITED

Box 135 New Glasgow, N.S. B2H 5E2

The Region

Listen. It's the sound of business revival

Who says we're economically dead? Just look at the figures

The conventional description of these provinces as "basket cases" is not entirely inaccurate. —The Hudson Institute of Canada in Canada has a Future

The Atlantic provinces will show little vitality—their economic fate since the end of the wooden mast business in the last century. —The New York Times

The judgments are devastating: Basket cases with no vitality and doomed to be that way forever. And what east coaster can sass back when the figures are so eloquent: Three billion dollars a year in federal transfers to the region; provincial budgets that get nearly half their revenue from Ottawa; earned income per capita 40% below Ontario, 60% below Alberta; the highest unemployment in the country; looming industrial catastrophes like Sydney Steel; the Point Lepreau nuclear station, with costs doubled to nearly a billion dollars.

Are our talents really limited to fiddle-playing and going bankrupt? When

casting about for something nice to say about the future, are we not forced to agree with the Hudson Institute (Canadian branch plant of an American think-tank) that Atlantic Canada will "have a leisurely pace that will be very civilized, especially to increasing numbers of retirees from Ontario"?

But wait. Signs of life. This is going to come as a shock to those who believe the "basket case forever" theory, but there is another side to the story. The revival of fishing and mining and the potential of offshore natural gas have been duly noted. What has not been noted is a new growth working its way up through the entrepreneurial deadwood so commonly bemoaned over the last half-century. Consider these statistics. Between 1974 and '78 loans by the Federal Business Development Bank (half of which are below \$25,000 and most below \$50,000) increased by 36% nationwide. In the Atlantic provinces they increased by 63%.

"I don't think there's any doubt



Miller of Devco: Managers are returning

Pymm of Nfld: His students were "security conscious." Now they're ready to take chances



about it," says Garfield Pymm, head of the P.J. Gardiner Institute for Small Business Studies at Memorial University in St. John's, "there's a new sense of entrepreneurship around." He has observed a change in attitudes of commerce-faculty students since 1974. Graduates were very "security conscious" five years ago. Up to a third went to either provincial or federal government jobs. "Now very few go," he says, and many more take their chances with local business ventures.

Jim McNiven, executive head of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, also sees a new entrepreneurial spirit in the east. "The problem isn't finding people *willing* to make things go," he says. "It's finding people who *know* how to make things go." Many people now start businesses with no experience in management, cash flow, marketing. Often, they get into trouble. McNiven thinks governments should start helping new businesses stay afloat, rather than just starting them up. Then, in five years or so, "We'll have a whole new generation of businessmen. That young generation never stayed home before. I don't know what to make of it really. It could be a significant new force in vitalizing the economy."

A proliferation of "second-generation" economic-stimulation agencies is replacing the old policy of going after the big foreign-owned, export-oriented industries that so often collapsed. In addition to the federal and provincial outfits, there are small groups linked to universities and municipalities, offering aid and guidance to business; and all over Newfoundland and Labrador "development associations" thrive.

The most impressive of the federal agencies is the industrial division of the Cape Breton Development Corporation. Apart from its other activities in '78, Devco brought 50 projects to life. In '79, the number was 90. Thanks to Devco, small manufacturers in Cape Breton are now making a remarkable assortment of electronic, wood, metal, fibreglass, leather and other products.

Who are the people running these businesses? David Miller, head of secondary manufacturing for Devco says, "Many are people coming back. They tend to be the most successful because they have outside experience." But the largest proportion, Garfield Pymm says in St. John's, are young people who have chosen to stay home rather than join the historic westward exodus. Whatever the outcome of all this, a spark has been lit. Bring out all the centralist economic reports you will, there's more to the Atlantic provinces than meets the Uppity Canadian eye.

— Ralph Surette

THE PLACE on South Street

5161-5165 SOUTH STREET
(opposite Hotel Nova Scotian)
Halifax, Nova Scotia



Ms. Fashions
5163 South Street
423-4978

European Shoes
5161 South Street
423-1535

The Nova Scotia Festival of the Arts

featuring



Buffy Ste. Marie

Wednesday & Thursday, August 15 & 16,
8:30 p.m. Tickets: \$8.50/7.50

Onstage the incredibly talented Buffy whirls, laughs and dances in a constant flow of color, movement and sound.



The Wurzels

Friday & Saturday, August 17 & 18,
8:30 p.m. Tickets: \$8.50/7.50

Britain's raunchiest, raciest, funniest folk group.



John Allan Cameron

Sunday, August 19, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets: \$6.50/5.50

Any night could hardly be a failure due to the extraordinary talents of Cape Breton singer-story teller John Allan Cameron. He'll make you smile and you'll definitely be totally entertained.

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium

Dalhousie Arts Centre,

6101 University Avenue, Halifax, N.S. B3H 3J5

Tickets to the headliner performances are available at the Dalhousie Arts Centre Box Office. Mail orders are being accepted. Please send cheque or money order made payable to Dalhousie Cultural Activities, and include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This year's Festival will feature the Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen's popular show and sale, and the Silver Anniversary Flower Show, plus many more FUN FILLED FROLICS throughout the city for the entire family...Plan now to attend this major Summer Festival!

For further information, please phone 902-424-2298

Nova Scotia

How the Camp Hill Hospital plan grew and grew

But it's the N.S. taxpayers who could pay and pay

It's an old Atlantic story. Ten years ago the federal Department of Veterans Affairs, administrators of Camp Hill Hospital in Halifax, decided to replace the outmoded facility. They proposed a new Camp Hill, and spent thousands of dollars over the next few years on three different architectural concepts. They hoped eventually to unload the hospital on the province of Nova Scotia. When the feds sweetened the deal with an offer of \$22.6 million toward construction costs, plus another \$6 million to

ease the burden of transition, it was too much for the province to resist. On May 29, 1978, in what former minister of Health Dr. Maynard MacAskill described as a "great deal," Nova Scotia assumed control of the 200-bed community hospital, a 200-bed veterans hospital and a payroll of 725 employees. They agreed to replace the decaying, veterans' wing.

One year later the new Camp Hill has become a plan for a hospital complex including the Halifax Infirmary, Grace Maternity Hospital and the Halifax Civic Hospital, proposed to open by 1985. But no one seems to know how much it will cost, though estimates run as high as \$800 million, and some medical professionals are increasingly nervous about the feasibility of combining in one hospital the specialized services offered by the individual institutions.

"We don't have anyone against it as far as I'm concerned," says Dr. J.E. Harris, deputy minister of health and a former administrator of Camp Hill. Meanwhile, hospital personnel worry about increased operational costs if the complex goes ahead, and the potential burden on Nova Scotia taxpayers remains the biggest mystery of all.

Government reasoning seems easy to understand: Why keep applying endless band-aids to old plants like the Infirmary, Grace, and Civic when you can dump the money intended for Camp Hill renovations into a spanking-new building on the Camp Hill site, designed to serve everybody's needs? But the prospect of co-ordinating all those needs in a single institution daunts others, if not politicians. It means fitting the 456-bed Infirmary, 113-bed Grace (with its equal number of bassinets), 76-bed Civic and Camp Hill into a 500-bed structure. Visions arise of the Hotel-Dieu in 15th century Paris, where patients were squeezed two to a bed.

Operational costs are a recurring nightmare. The Grace and Civic Hospitals provide highly personalized medical care at a lower cost than comparable institutions across Canada. Combining the different specialties of four institutions in a single general facility could create one of the country's most

expensive hospitals to operate.

There are also fears that amalgamating the four institutions will tighten the provincial government's control of health care delivery. Many remember, with something less than fondness, the case of the Halifax Infirmary. There wasn't much fuss when the province relieved the Sisters of Charity of their debt-ridden hospital in 1973. Valued at close to \$20 million, it went public for \$4.5 million. The Sisters, who had provided medical care in Halifax for over 100 years, had been forced to operate at a deficit from 1968 to 1973 because of the government's refusal to approve necessary increases in its portion of the per diem patient rate. Once the hospital came under provincial management, budgetary restraints seemed to vanish and per diem rates jumped 44% in two years from \$87 in 1973 to \$125 in 1975. Money also flowed into extensive renovations, including a \$3.2-million kitchen and cafeteria.

The alternative to new construction—renovation of the old buildings—isn't without problems. The Infirmary was built to last and knocking out its solid walls would be costly. The 57-year-old Grace, run by the Salvation Army, needs a major face-lift. But although its director, Major May Walters, says the Army is still committed to its role in providing progressive maternity care, major rebuilding is unthinkable without financial assistance from the government.

The province considers the city-owned Civic Hospital beyond salvaging. Its director, Aline Ashton, who keeps per diem costs down to a remarkable \$73 per patient has fought for 14 years to save the only extended-care facility in Halifax. The city badly needs more space for the chronically ill to keep them from ending up in the \$202-a-day beds of the Victoria General Hospital, where their presence creates long waiting lists of those who require specialized care at what is Nova Scotia's major medical referral centre.

With health care dollars tightly stretched and the operating cost of the new hospital impossible to predict, it's hard to see whose needs will be served best by the proposed medical complex. But there's no doubt about who'll suffer most if its costs soar. Nova Scotian taxpayers will have to dig deeper into their pockets for more health care dollars. They may not be consoled by the prospect of suffering on a brand-new hospital bed.

—Lembi Buchanan



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

At the Grace, personalized medical care



It's marvellous, it is.

You can now get to read the magazine by phone. Of course there's a catch! You have to be living in New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island or Nova Scotia.

In which case you simply dial 1-800-565-7707 any working day, between 8:30 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

It's Toll Free of course, which means you don't pay for the call, and the magazine itself is only \$9.00 a year, which saves you \$2.00 if you were to be buying it each time at the newsstand. As we're sure you were. To our relatives and friends in Newfoundland & Labrador



WOOD
HEATING
MADE EASY



For more information
call 1-800-565-7707



For more information
call 1-800-565-7707



For more information
call 1-800-565-7707

For more information
call 1-800-565-7707

For more information
call 1-800-565-7707

For more information
call 1-800-565-7707

How the Camp Hill Home plan grew and grew

By [illegible] and [illegible]



If you live in Newfoundland & Labrador, we deeply regret that at this time, that wonderful toll-free telephone service is not available from where you live. But we do enjoy hearing from you, especially when you're saying something nice, or sending money, or both. And so as a small encouragement to keep those cards and letters coming in, we suggest that you follow this notice to its logical conclusion, between pages 56 & 57. You will find two cards already stamped and addressed. All you have to do is sign on the dotted line, etc., then sit back and wait for the mailman.

New Brunswick

Let's hear it for the Chignecto Canal

And let's keep wishing on a star, too

Lloyd Folkins, retired accountant, former wartime soldier, MLA for Tantramar, N.B., bends over a large map on a table in the members' room off the main chamber in the New Brunswick legislature. Through the filter of late-night, stale-smoke haze he looks like the kindly woodcarver Gepetto. "I know Pinocchio will be a real live boy someday," Gepetto would say. "This is where the canal would go," Folkins is saying.

Once the very mention of the Chignecto Canal, a proposed link between the Bay of Fundy and the Northumberland Strait, would stir the blood of all New Brunswickers. It was our El Dorado, an 18-mile ditch through a marsh that would cure our economic ills, and our Alamo, a sore-thumb symbol of Ottawa's crushing neglect since Confederation. Then came the Sixties and Seventies. The feds showered money on us, and chatter about building the Chignecto Canal took on the ring of fable. After 1969, discussion faded.

Lloyd Folkins, former Sackville mayor, came along in 1974, a Progressive Conservative from a traditionally Liberal seat. He brought up the canal in the House in 1977 and after narrowly

surviving an NDP challenge in the 1978 election, Folkins, now government party whip, gave his voice-in-the-wilderness speech again this spring. "Carthage must be destroyed," Cato thundered at the Romans. "When you wish upon a star..." Jiminy Cricket sang. "Build the Chignecto Canal," Lloyd Folkins said.

Jacques de Meulles, Intendant of New France, first proposed a canal in 1686 as a short-cut between Quebec and Port Royal in what is now Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. As an idea, it still holds. The distance to Montreal and the eastern United States would be considerably shortened for the whole Atlantic region. Folkins says Halifax has always been lukewarm to the proposal because it fears loss of shipping. But he claims a large area of Nova Scotia would prosper by having cheap transportation to central Canada, with the canal acting as a natural extension to the St. Lawrence Seaway. Folkins sees Sackville, N.B., and Amherst, N.S., becoming cities as industries set up shop by the canal. Indeed, K.C. Irving, New Brunswick's foremost authority on what's good business, pledged in 1959 to establish \$100 million in new industry if the canal were built. He renewed



Folkins: "This is where the canal would go"

WOOD HEATING MADE EASY



KERR SCOTSMAN WOOD FURNACE

- * Thermostatically controlled central wood heating
- * Can be installed in conjunction with existing heating systems



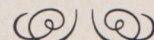
P.O. Box 1500
TRURO, N.S.
B2N 5V2

A18

Please send more information.
NAME:
ADDRESS:
POSTAL CODE:



...A setting of
casual elegance
for dining, dancing
and congeniality.
Superb cuisine,
warm hospitality and
impeccable service



Dine 11:00 a.m.--midnight
Dance until 2:00 a.m.
Dunbrack at Lacewood
in Clayton Park
Telephone 443-4870



All roads lead to

Dartmouth Inn

125 MODERN UNITS

CAPTAINS TABLE

DINING ROOM

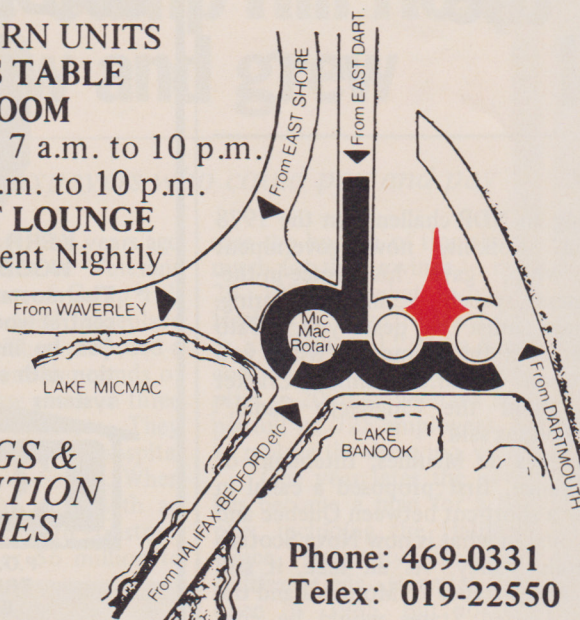
Open Daily 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Sunday 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SAILLOFT LOUNGE

Entertainment Nightly

MEETINGS &
CONVENTION
FACILITIES



Phone: 469-0331

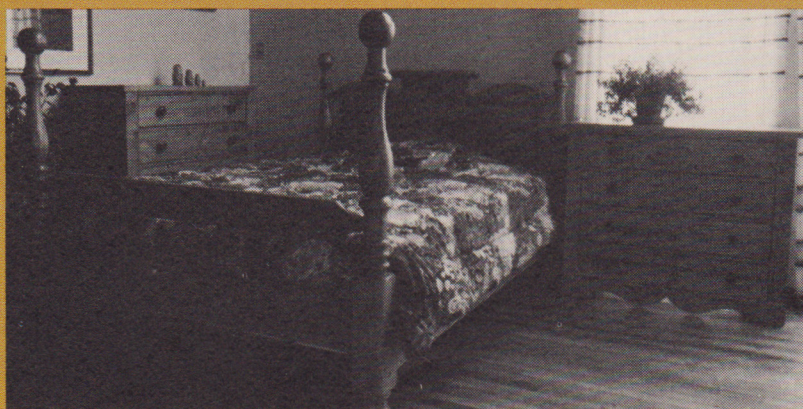
Telex: 019-22550

Maverick Room Steak House

(Daily 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.)

PINE FURNITURE

THE HERITAGE BEDROOM



Rest easy, with the handsome, traditional "cannonball" bedroom suite from Woodcraft Ltd.

Solid pine bed, with 4-and 5-drawer chests. Built from selected woods, and hand-finished with our special 6-step process. Choose warm honey, or the rich, darker tone.

See the Heritage Bedroom, dining

room suites, rocking chairs, and other fine furniture. Call or write for your free brochure.



ARGYLE
PINE

1588 Argyle Street, Halifax, N.S.
Tel: (902) 429-6684

New Brunswick

the pledge in 1969 and has never withdrawn it. "The benefits boggle the mind," says Folkins.

The cost has become mind-boggling too. In 1960, engineering experts estimated a \$90-million price tag which grew to \$142 million by 1970. Today it probably could not be done for under \$600 million, although new moving machinery might reduce this. Even so, the canal could come at no charge if it cut unemployment by 10%, which it is almost sure to do, according to Folkins: "The unemployment rate would be reduced in Kent, Westmorland, Albert and Kings in New Brunswick, as well as Prince Edward Island and the northwest counties of Nova Scotia," he explains. The federal government poured \$452 million into the Atlantic area in unemployment insurance in 1977, and about \$513 million for a 10-month period in 1978. If only 10% of this amount were channelled into the canal project, you can imagine the labor impact it would have." Folkins says the canal won't be like some other big-money regional projects where central Canadian manufacturers and suppliers benefit most. Maritime companies and workers—maybe 5,000 of them—can build Chignecto. Spinoff jobs could employ even more. Folkins thinks the energy crunch will give birth eventually to Fundy tidal power. When it does, the canal can be thrown in for small change with the two projects complementing each other.

All studies say the canal is feasible from an engineering standpoint. The Quebec Conference of 1864 promised a Chignecto Canal "as an inducement to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to consider confederation." In 1871 a royal commission rated it a high priority and in 1873 tenders were called but never awarded after Sir John A. Macdonald's government lost office. Before the century ended, a private company tried building a railway across the isthmus and ran out of funds. More pressure brought another royal commission which said, in 1934, to wait until the Depression was over. When the St. Lawrence Seaway was going ahead, hopes rose again until John Diefenbaker's government gave a flat "no" in 1961.

That's where the matter has rested until now. But Lloyd Folkins says he's going to keep up his campaign, alone if necessary. "In wartime, we can spend millions of dollars a day because we have to. Don't tell me we can't afford the Chignecto Canal. It's all a matter of will." And dreams do come true, you know. Just ask Gepetto.

—Jon Everett

Prince Edward Island

Can a P.E.I. loner learn to run with the Ottawa pack?

David MacDonald is a free spirit. Will the cabinet crush him?

People have always liked David MacDonald's idealism and independence. Ironically, these qualities may be the greatest liability the 43-year-old Islander carries into federal government responsibility for culture and communications, and chairmanship of the cabinet committee on social policy, native rights and the status of women. MacDonald has been member of Parliament for Egmont, the largely rural constituency at the western end of the Island, since 1965. No one questions his political experience. What Islanders wonder is whether he can face the compromises and submission to team discipline which are part of being a cabinet minister.

There's not much in MacDonald's background to suggest he can compromise easily, or subjugate his beliefs to the strictures of cabinet solidarity. The high point of his political career in opposition came during the October Crisis in 1970, when he was the only M.P. to vote against second reading of the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act. Early in Joe Clark's leadership of the Tories, MacDonald again obeyed his conscience instead of his leader's orders and voted against new restrictions on immigration brought in by the Liberal government. Clark promptly slapped him with a brief suspension from the Tory caucus.

If his past actions indicate that MacDonald may be an uncomfortable cabinet minister, they enhance his reputation with the Parliamentary Press Gallery, and with M.P.s of all parties, who regarded him as one of the "nicest" members in the House. But while his willingness to take unpopular stands and his interest in cultural matters and international affairs endear him to Ottawa, they make him an unlikely figure to have won five consecutive elections in a riding like Egmont. His constituents, one-third of them Acadian, are farmers, fishermen, and small-town people whose principal political concerns are far from the plight of Chilean refugees, world federalism, and the state of Canadian cinema.

But if those are the issues with which he's identified in Ottawa, the

people who send him there know about it. They also know, through his bilingual constituency newsletter, that MacDonald is tireless in his devotion to small harbor improvement, the provision of "reefer cars" for potato shipments, and federal grants for local projects in his constituency. Much of the secret of his unbroken string of election successes lies in his genuine love of campaigning. His pre-political career as a United Church minister must have helped, preparing him to endure endless public meetings. His appetite for them remains unjaded.

This year, with provincial and federal elections running back-to-back in the province, he campaigned from one end of the Island to the other for six weeks. Occasionally his schedule led to confusion. One night he dropped in on what he thought was a Tory "pot-luck" supper. Surprised that there were no speeches, he almost made one himself. The next day he found the supper was to raise money for the United Church women's auxiliary.

Close behind MacDonald as a campaigner, and often ahead of him as a political partisan, is his striking blonde wife, Sandra. The mother of three young daughters, with a fourth child expected in October, she campaigned with her husband throughout most of the spring. When complacency threatens, she reminds herself of the last night of MacDonald's first campaign, when the wife of the sitting Liberal member told her confidently: "Watson and I will be so glad when this is over and we're back in Ottawa."

The first campaign struck the only bitter note in MacDonald's political career. Diehard Island Liberals still don't forgive the fact that he first sought the Liberal nomination, defecting to the Conservatives when he was told he'd have to wait until Watson MacNaught retired. It didn't help that he compounded the "betrayal" by defeating MacNaught and continuing to win ever since. Everything in MacDonald's career, however, belies the suggestion of political opportunism. After 14 years in politics, he's still committed

to the belief that governments and politicians can shape the destiny of the nation and make real improvements in the lives of citizens.

His commitment to political activism has labelled him one of the "Red Tories" and it makes his appointment as head of the "inner cabinet" committee on social policy, native affairs, and the status of women possibly more significant than his cabinet posts as Secretary of State and Minister of Communications. In the latter roles, MacDonald will try to give more money and power to the CBC regions and create a national cultural policy. In the former, he will have to fight for the social programs he wants, in the teeth of the government's policy of curtailed spending and a smaller civil service. Compromises will be inevitable. But if MacDonald makes too many of them, it will go against everything he stands for in politics.

—Kennedy Wells



Sometimes, he strays from party line

The downfall of Don Jamieson: It wasn't even a Last Hurrah

Short and paunchy, he was hailed as a messiah for Newfoundland Liberals. He was supposedly the one man who could pump new life into a crumbling Liberal machine that was preparing itself for annihilation in the provincial election. But Don Jamieson—consummate politician and one of Newfoundland's most famous and popular native sons—could not deliver, and may have ended an illustrious political career as a weary loser.

It was one of the most fascinating elections in Newfoundland history, mostly due to the last-minute arrival of Jamieson as an appointed replacement for the troubled Bill Rowe; and also due to the flashy Tory leadership of fast-talking Brian Peckford. He's a brash, aggressive political pro and has probably anchored himself to the premier's desk for a long, long time.

Until Jamieson's extraordinary announcement that he would take over the Liberal leadership, just about everybody in the province anticipated a boring election that would give the Grits a plastering from which they'd take years to recover. But Jamieson's arrival enabled Newfoundlanders—who dearly love their politics—to gab about the battle endlessly. Even the most knowledgeable pundits found it impossible to predict the outcome. No one, it seemed, could gauge how the public would respond to Jamieson's appointment by the Liberal executive. Even party brass were unsure how much weight his name would carry. Jamieson wondered, too.

Win or lose, however, he was the big story. The man who had fought Newfoundland's entry into Confederation, built up a broadcasting empire, entered federal politics in 1966, and later became a prominent member of the Trudeau cabinet, had finally made what some of his Ottawa associates had predicted would be a fatal plunge into provincial politics.

Ostensibly, he came back to Newfoundland at the urging of Liberal backroom boys who thought he was their one chance to gain respect in the election. But why would Jamieson return to



On the night his bad news came, everyone wondered, "What next, Don Jamieson?"

Newfoundland and risk putting a huge blemish on what had been an almost impeccable public career? The most cynical observers saw his move as an ego trip after the defeat of the federal Liberals. Others saw it as a response to a desire by federal Liberals to get at least one Liberal government elected in Canada.

Jamieson fans, naturally, saw his return as the act of a man dedicated to improving the sorry lot of his beloved province. They argued that he had no need for ego-gratification, that he had gone as far as any Newfoundland politician had ever gone on the federal scene. Why, his name was even being bandied about as a successor to Trudeau. In any case, come back he definitely did. He arrived home just 48 hours after Peckford had asked for a new mandate from the province's voters.

Already ragged from the eight-week federal campaign, Jamieson had only two weeks to sell his political wares. He had the added disadvantage of leading a motley crew of candidates. Rumors—most of them emanating from the Tory camp—had abounded that, after meeting some of his candidates, Jamieson went into a state of depression and had to be convinced to go through with the campaign. Those rumors were just that—rumors. But to the reporters who travel-

led with Jamieson, there was something lacking in his approach to the election. It was as if he'd realized he'd made a colossal blunder in taking over the Liberal leadership, and that the cards were stacked against him. His swing through the province was uninspired and lacked enthusiasm. The little extra spark, so essential in any election campaign, was missing. CBC computers declared him a loser only 38 minutes after the polls closed on June 18. The attempt to sell his name had failed miserably, and the final count gave the PCs 33 seats, the Liberals 19.

At this writing, the big question on everyone's mind is Jamieson's future. It's hard to imagine him sitting for long as opposition leader in the Newfoundland legislature. He has said he's willing to do the job but has also hinted that it's really up to the party to dictate how he'll spend his last years in politics. (The Liberals will hold a leadership convention this fall.) Jamieson, after all, was still an interim leader. Though he'd surprised people before, most pundits thought his name would not be on the ballot paper. He's 58. If he were to quit politics and return to the broadcasting business, he'd have plenty of time to wonder why he ever decided to come back to Newfoundland as the Moses of the bedraggled provincial Liberals.

— Bob Wakeham

EPA salutes the people of Atlantic Canada.



EASTERN PROVINCIAL AIRWAYS

We put you above all in Atlantic Canada.

Clark vs. the mandarins: Round One went to Joe

On June 23, 1957, two days after he was sworn in as Prime Minister of Canada, John Diefenbaker sent for some foreign policy papers. A brisk reply came back from a security official in External Affairs: Sorry, they're secret. Diefenbaker had to ask his predecessor, Louis St. Laurent, to have the papers delivered to him. A few days later, Diefenbaker left his office briefly on a personal errand. When he returned he found that the same official had swept up the papers on his desk and rushed them to a vault. The official was John Starnes, later to become ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany and, still later, civilian security chief of the RCMP.

Diefenbaker put External officials in his own office so he could keep a check on the department. External retaliated with a counter-campaign: In nearly every Canadian embassy it was standard procedure for officials to tell visitors how Diefenbaker's policies were ruining Canada's reputation. Nobody was fired, publicly rebuked or replaced.

Douglas Harkness, Defence Minister in Diefenbaker's cabinet, gave instructions that to save fuel, manpower and money, the navy should discontinue showing the flag at some summer festivals on the east coast. The admirals promptly took part of the Atlantic fleet to Lunenburg. "I should have fired the officers responsible," Harkness said long afterward. "But what could I do? They had all served in the war, as I had. I knew many of them personally."

Joe Clark knows of these and similar incidents. So does any Conservative who has been in Ottawa for a while. The new prime minister was furious when civil service voters in Ottawa Carleton helped defeat cabinet-bound Jean Pigott. He was even madder about the civil service vote in Ottawa Centre, and put defeated Bob de Cotret in the cabinet anyway, with a Senate seat to boot. It was an indication that Clark is determined that the civil service implement policy, not make it. An even blunter indication was his statement that Conservative campaign promises were policy, not matters for civil service discussion and advice. This statement had Canada marching to Jerusalem. Nimble Flora MacDonald,

External's new minister, mounted a quick rescue mission and charmed eight Arab ambassadors out of their shoes. (In the dying days of the Liberal administration, incidentally, two cabinet ministers tried to have the Canadian Embassy moved to Jerusalem. Top bureaucrats in External Affairs fought them off.)

But Clark's third and strongest act to show who's boss was the firing of Michael Pitfield, Clerk of the Privy Council. Pitfield was the control switch for the panel of top bureaucrats, the nerve-centre of the old-boy network. On major issues, deputy ministers didn't check with their ministers first. They checked with Pitfield. In one stroke, Clark beheaded the network and averted the need for a widespread firing of deputies. (Though they, with heads cut off, kept twitching.)

No sooner had Pitfield been disposed of unmessily than Sinclair Stevens, President of the Treasury Board, froze civil service hiring for at least two months. So, more twitching. "Why, we weren't even consulted," spluttered Andy Stewart, head of the biggest civil service union. It is peculiar, perhaps tragic, that the 100,000 federal civil servants in the capital do not grasp the low regard in which they are held outside Ottawa. The blindness even affects people who aren't civil servants. Said Ottawa Mayor Marion Dewar of the Conservatives' intention to eliminate up to 60,000 civil service positions: "They wouldn't dare."

One federal de-

puty minister used to say he could double the efficiency of his department if he could only get authority to fire a third of the staff. He refused to hire additional people or seek more funds than absolutely necessary. They thought there was something wrong with him and eased him out. Honest personnel managers readily concede they could easily fire 10% of their staffs as deadwood. That's 50,000 jobs in a federal civil service of half a million.

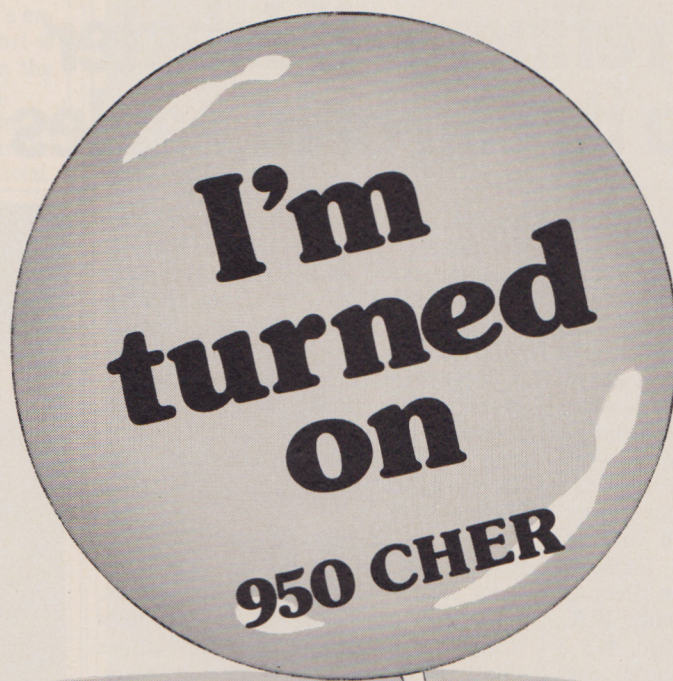
But you can bet it won't happen that way. The deadwood may be lazy but it has enough barrack-room expertise to know every grievance procedure in the book. The effort to get rid of them isn't worth the time and effort for a busy, productive manager. An old saying still applies here. A civil servant is like the latest military missile: He won't work and can't be fired.

—The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.



Clark acted to show exactly who's boss



Cape Breton is switching. Switching to the new sound of 950 CHER. Fun radio in Sydney and industrial Cape Breton.

New Sound. New personalities. New programming. New management. Giving listeners a new choice, 24 hours a day.

The new sound of CHER is reaching every age group. And at every hour of the day. With young adults our big audience.

JayBird (Jay Bedford) is the morning man, helping everyone start the day the positive way. And featuring "Atlantic Info from Atlantic Insight."

Dave Wilson and Greg Boone are "SPORTS FIRST." Mike Inman and his news team keep everyone up-to-date with "The World Today."

And if you want to know where to find the ladies in the morning, they're tuned-in and turned-on with Earle Maden.

From noon to 4:00 p.m., listen with Cape Breton's Lady of Song, Marg Ellsworth. Then it's time to go rolling home with Jo Curry.

At 8:00 p.m. it's Solid Disco with "The Wiz", Cape Breton's newest disco dancing celebrity.

Dianne Coish is the best reason we know to stay up after midnight, with programming for the night people. .

And for a "turned-on" weekend, stay in touch with Barry McKinnon and Glen Cary.

If you want to reach Sydney and Cape Breton, come and talk with 950 CHER.

Turned on Radio 950 CHER

International

Eastport refinery: If lobster can't stop it, can bald eagles?

Late this summer, as Washington becomes unbearably hot, U.S. bureaucrats will sweat over the case of the Bald Eagle vs. the Pittston Company. Environmentalists argue that if Pittston builds a huge oil refinery at Eastport, Me., the company will endanger the eagle's existence. Pittston wants to put the refinery on the easternmost tip of the U.S. mainland, a spot that juts into the Bay of Fundy only a stone's throw from the New Brunswick border.

Supertankers carrying oil to Eastport would sail through Canadian waters. They'd chug between Deer Island and Campobello Island, N.B., through Head Harbour Passage. It's a mere 1,500 feet wide, and its tides, fogs and currents are among the world's most formidable. The channel is only eight times wider than a supertanker's beam but Pittston—once a Pennsylvania coal-mine operator and now a New York-based conglomerate—says it knows all about navigation. It's willing to take the risks.

Not so the Maritimers. The world's

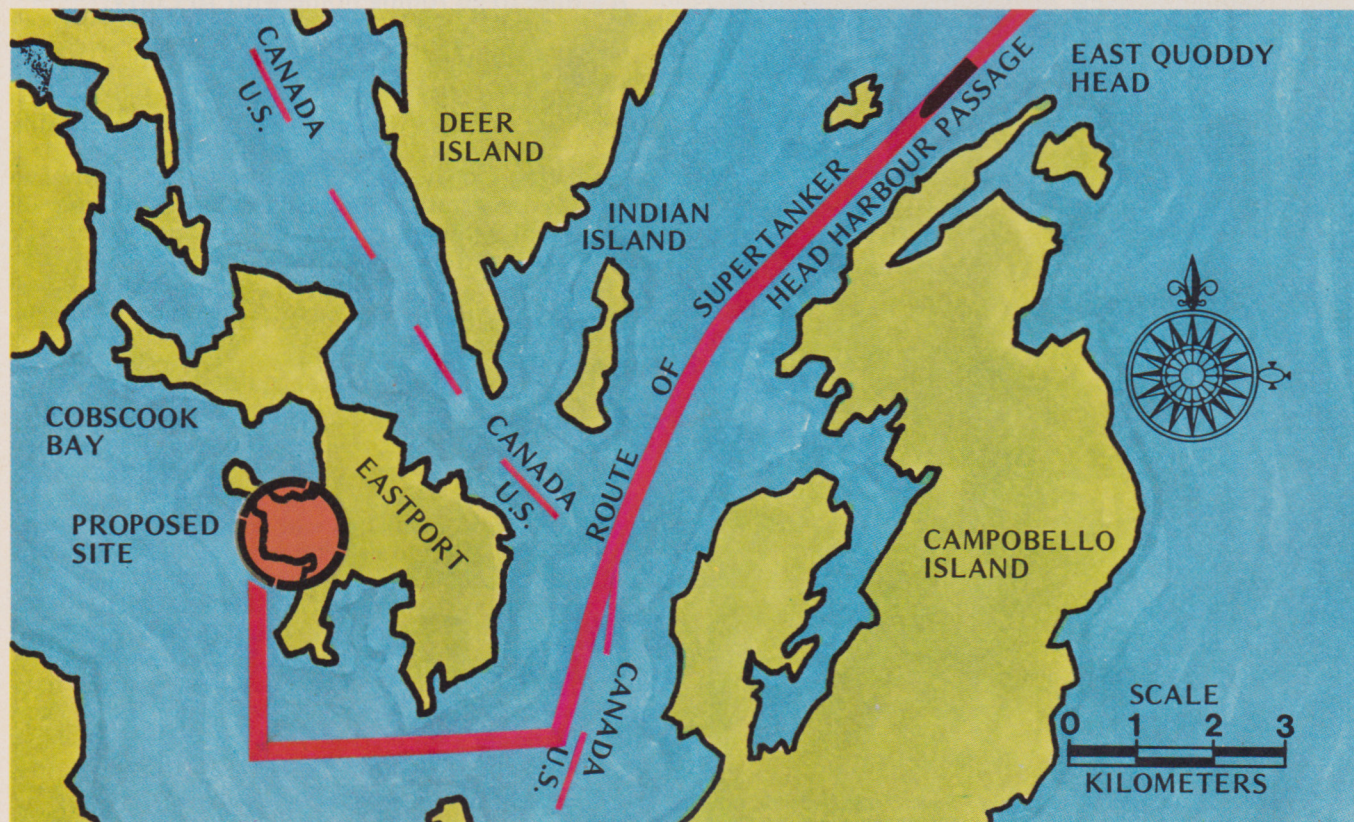
biggest lobster pounds are on or near the passage. They buy lobster from all Atlantic provinces and hold them there before sending them to market. Back in '74, the pounds on Deer and Campobello islands alone held 5.2 million lbs. of lobster and, if a Pittston tanker happened to spill its cargo at a peak season, it could wipe out 1.5 million lbs. Fishermen would suffer financial loss. What lobster-lovers would suffer God only knows.

Nor are lobsters the only creatures that, if Pittston has its way, will risk a slimy death. From groundfish to whales, every living species in the Bay of Fundy would be in danger. Pittston knows about the environmental risks and fears. H.B. Robinson, former undersecretary of state for External Affairs, told the corporation two years ago that Canada would refuse all agreements, permits and approvals for oil tankers in Head Harbour Passage.

The point was crucial. The Maine Board of Environmental Protection had given Pittston the green light, but only



Uncle Sam's eagle:
Refinery site could disturb 10 nests



on the understanding that the company "shall execute appropriate agreements or otherwise secure approval for permits" from Canada regarding "transit through and pilotage in Canadian waters." Ottawa agrees with Maine's environmental authorities that Eastport is "one of the more difficult ports in the world."

But the U.S. State Department is keeping the Pittston file open. Karl K. Konietz, a State Department official, told an environmental hearing in '76 that the U.S. "considers vessels proceeding to or departing from U.S. ports through Head Harbour Passage enjoy the right of innocent passage under international law." This right, he said, was not subject to "unreasonable or arbitrary interference or suspension" by Canada. The U.S. position remains unchanged: Head Harbour Passage is a "strait" open to all traffic, not a stretch of "inland Canadian water."

Enter the bald eagle.

U.S. environmental protection law says the habitat of any legally listed endangered species must be protected, and Americans take these laws seriously. Concern for the Furbish lousewort, a rare plant, stopped bulldozers on a power dam in Maine. The snail darter, a tiny fish, did the same thing in Tennessee. They're on the endangered list, and so is the bald eagle.

A.F. Kaulakis, Pittston's vice-president in charge of the refinery project, says 10 bald eagles nest near the site. "There are 140 bald eagles in the bloody State of Maine," he complains, "and 9,836 in all of the United States. But somehow we're supposed to be threatening the bird." The Environmental Protection Agency in Washington thinks so. Last January, it refused Pittston permits for future disposal of waste water on grounds the wastes would harm bald eagles.

The decision is under appeal, and a new ruling could come in August. If Pittston doesn't like what the bureaucrats decree, it will go to the White House. Under the law a cabinet-level committee would then hear the case and, while deciding, would bear in mind both the rights of bald eagles and the U.S. national interest. After that, Pittston might try the courts. It could challenge the legality of laws to protect wildlife and ways bureaucrats interpret or apply them. But the courts might take five years to dispose of the case.

Pittston has already spent \$10 million filing applications and fighting red tape, and Kaulakis has invested seven years of corporate time in the refinery project. In the end, however, the money and effort may all be lost, not because oil and lobsters don't mix but because bald eagles don't like refineries.

— Bogdan Kipling



Traditional quality in clothing and haberdashery for gentlemen

BARRINGTON ST.
HALIFAX
423-9339

COLWELL BROTHERS LTD.

MIC MAC MALL
DARTMOUTH
469-3210

Blue Cross Protection... a must for travellers!

A Blue Cross Travel Plan can save you thousands of dollars if you are injured or taken ill while outside Canada. Medical services can be very expensive in the U.S. and abroad and may not be fully covered under your Government Medical Plan.

Anyone can apply. Our special plan for travellers covers each person for up to \$10,000 in medical expenses at a cost of only 50¢ per day for individuals or \$1.00 per day for the whole family. (Minimum fees are \$5 single or \$10 family.)

Why risk financial disaster? Applications can be completed in minutes at your nearest Blue Cross office or travel agency.



Halifax
Moncton

Bathurst
Fredericton

Saint John
Charlottetown

St. John's

Cover Story

No current head of a Canadian government has survived longer. He has no close friends, and cohorts call him unfathomable. More than anything else, he wants to save Canada. He is

Richard Hatfield, politician

By Stephen Kimber

Richard Hatfield is dancing. Alone. In the gleaming white kitchen of his Fredericton bungalow, the Premier of New Brunswick—eyes closed—sways to the sound of raunchy rock music blasting in from the stereo in the next room. In one hand, he holds a “Snoopy” mug full of home-made chicken soup. As his body moves and dips with the music, the soup splatters down the front of his shirt. He doesn’t seem to notice.

Neither does he heed the impromptu gathering now threatening to turn his home into the scene of an all-night party. It was midnight when Dave O’Brien, Fredericton-based reporter for the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald*, dropped by for a drink on his way home from an evening session of the New Brunswick legislature; and after 1 a.m. when Ross MacKeen, Hatfield’s executive assistant, and David Bishop, a Tory MLA, wandered in looking for a snack. It’s now past two in the morning and everyone seems settled in for the long haul.

While Hatfield loses himself in the music, the others struggle to be heard above the noise. The talk is of politics and people they all know, the jokes are about sex, and the laughter is coming before the punch lines. Hatfield’s house, on a normally quiet, dead-end street overlooking the Saint John River, is an unlikely spot for a boisterous bash. Despite its standard suburban

exterior, the interior is all muted elegance. From the thoughtfully casual mixture of antique and modern furniture through the superbly selected assortment of paintings by Tom Forrestall and Molly and Bruno Bobak to the charmingly eccentric collection of rag dolls and wooden toys that fill up every available nook and cranny, the house looks posed and waiting for the photographer from *House Beautiful*. People—loud, laughing, political people—do

not belong in the picture.

But then, Richard Hatfield doesn’t fit the role of the genial host from one of those elegant magazines either. The album at an end, he opens his eyes and strides past his guests toward the living room. “What’s the area code for Newfoundland,” he asks of no one in particular, “7-0-9?” But he’s dialing al-

country, one day is ending and another beginning the way they all do. With politics. Richard Hatfield—need it be said?—is not a politician like the others. Like his house, a regulation-issue politician’s exterior masks an intriguing, cantankerous contradiction.

He’s the closest approximation we have in this country to California’s enigmatic governor, Jerry Brown.

Aside from the obvious similarities—bachelorhood and a taste for rock music—both men are hugely successful regional politicians of national repute. Both owe their reputation and their success to a carefully nurtured mixture of trendy iconoclasm and traditional pump-priming politics. And both are essentially unfathomable.

“One night you’ll be with him and having a few drinks and some good conversation and you start to feel like you really know the guy,” says one radio reporter. “Then, the next day, he’ll walk by you on the street like he doesn’t know you from Adam. His whole personality changes from moment to moment.”

There are, in truth, many Richard Hatfields.

The private one is a quirky, globetrotting intellectual gadfly of few fixed political convictions who will happily take any side of an argument that isn’t already spoken for. He loves to talk one-on-one with anyone, anywhere, anytime, and on almost any subject. “I was standing with him outside the legislature one day,” recalls another reporter, “when this student from U.N.B. came up to him and said, ‘I think your economic policy stinks.’ Hatfield ended up talking to this kid for more than an hour, and you could tell he was loving every minute of it.”

The public Richard Hatfield, however, doesn’t easily tolerate dissent, particularly organized opposition. As premier, he’s the stern political paterfamilias, an unyielding leader of the Edmund



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN KIMBER

Enigmatic, mysterious, he’s also a master of pump-priming politics

ready. There’s an election on in Newfoundland and Hatfield wants to roust a reporter friend out of his St. John’s hotel-room bed to ask him what’s really going on over there.

For Richard Bennett Hatfield, 48, 26th premier of New Brunswick since Confederation, the first ever to be elected for three consecutive terms, and now—with the defeat of Pierre Trudeau in the recent federal election—the longest serving political leader in the

Burke school, who—to take just one example—will dismiss out of hand the notion that he should sponsor a real public debate on the merits of his decision to take New Brunswickers into the nuclear age. “The people,” he says airily, “make their decisions at election time.”

That New Brunswickers decided again for Richard Hatfield in last year’s provincial election surprised more than a few outsiders. When the election was called, his government seemed to be a bedraggled administration in the process of defeating itself. There was a seamy political scandal about alleged political kickbacks that kept bobbing to the surface despite Hatfield’s efforts to submerge it under the weight of a judicial inquiry. There was an ugly controversy over his government’s refusal to stop spraying the province’s forests with a pesticide scientists feared was linked to a deadly children’s disease. There was the gathering debate over the safety and costs of the province’s nuclear power project. Finally, there was the gone-but-still-not-forgotten Bricklin, Hatfield’s car-making dream that had turned into a nightmare for the province’s taxpayers.

Despite all that, Hatfield won. His own explanation of his victory—razor-thin though it was—is simple. He understands New Brunswickers, he says, far better than his political opponents. “One of their most serious mistakes,” he says of the Liberal campaign, “was in attacking the Bricklin...New Brunswickers wanted it to succeed and when the opposition attacked it as strongly as they did, their attacks began to seem like an attack on the people of New Brunswick themselves. Their second mistake was in spending so much time attacking me personally. The people

don’t like that kind of personal attack and they won’t vote for someone who engages in it. That is the reason I won.”

That is Richard Hatfield, the old-fashioned political pro, speaking. He is a superb electoral tactician with an uncanny knack for knowing how things will play in Petitcodiac. Though often ignored by his opponents (lulled into a false sense of superiority by the sure knowledge that Hatfield is as bad a day-to-day administrator as there is) and overlooked by outsiders, caught up in the sweep of his passion for saving the country, his down-home political acumen is not to be underestimated.

If there ever was a boy destined from birth for political life it was Richard Hatfield, the third son of a Hartland, N.B., potato-chip-maker turned federal MP. Richard was barely seven when he attended his first national political convention and only 10 when he spilled ink on the papers on John Diefenbaker’s Parliament Hill desk. After the obligatory trip to Dalhousie Law School, a stint in the family business, and time in Ottawa as a cabinet minister’s assistant, Hatfield was ready, in 1961, to commit himself full-time to politics. (Hatfield himself has a few quibbles with that born-to-the-hustings scenario which is now a standard part of his political biography. “Actually my father discouraged me from politics,” he remembers. “He thought I would be hurt by it.” Even as an undergraduate at Acadia University his first love was literature and his intention was to become a doctor. “What finally changed my mind was when I came to Halifax and met some of the medical students. I found the law students more interesting.” When he reached his



The house, like the man, masks contradictions

decision, however, it was as strong as any religious vow. He gave himself to politics.)

“He’s one of that rare breed,” says a man who has known him for nearly 20 years, “a man who is married to politics.” From the moment he arrives at his office in the morning—usually around 10—to the time he ushers the last guest out of his house in the early morning hours of the next day, Hatfield is consumed by politics. He revels in the gossip of the trade, delights in the twists and turns of political strategy, and can

He loves to talk one-on-one with anyone, anywhere, anytime, and on almost any subject. There are many Richard Hatfields



Cover Story

happily drop hours in the discussion of an obscure political idea. "I could sit up all night," he once explained half-jokingly to an interviewer, "listening to the returns coming in from an election in Andorra or Liechtenstein."

Even on his jaunts to exotic countries—Hatfield spends his vacations travelling, alone, to any place that strikes his fancy, and often flips over to Boston or Montreal or New York for a weekend—he is busy soaking up political atmosphere and ideas. "He's a real student of society," says Tory MLA Ross MacKeen, "probably the most insatiably curious man I've ever met."

All that single-mindedness has exacted a personal price, of course. A magazine writer could not now describe him, as one did in his first year in office, as a man who "looks 10 years younger (than his age) when he's fresh, and five years younger when he's tired." These days, he's fleshy and fiftyish and he looks every one of his years. And, despite his seeming to be constantly surrounded by people, there's no one to whom he is truly close. "He's like the sailors you hear about, the ones with a girl in every port," says an acquaintance. "Whenever he's in Toronto or New York, he always has a girl he can take to the disco. But he doesn't have close friends."

"There have been only two people in my life that I could say I had a special relationship with," Hatfield says.

"One died and one moved away. Those kind of people don't come along that often so you have to be grateful for what you've had. You can't advertise for that kind of friendship." But he doesn't want anyone to get the idea he has regrets. "The whole notion of sacrifice in public life is exaggerated. Nobody ever forced anyone to go into politics and really, when you look at it, the costs are minor. What is the value of missing out on a family? If I had become a company president, the same thing might have happened to me." Beyond politics, Hatfield claims to have no ambitions. "It's like Jack Kennedy said after he became president of the United States. What do you do after this? There's nothing I can think of that's as interesting or exciting as being premier of New Brunswick."

There were rumors in June that Hatfield would quit his post to become a member of the new federal cabinet or to take an ambassadorial post in London or Washington. Confronted with the rumors, however, he coldly insisted, "I can do more nationally from this office, far more, than from any other job I can think of. There's this misunderstanding about the way the country works, that you become the mayor of some small town and then you get into the provincial legislature and finally make it to federal politics. My feeling is that for me to go to Ottawa is



He could sit up all night—for election returns

going *over*, not up. No, it's worse than that. To go from being the premier of a province to being a federal cabinet minister is a demotion." He pauses. "Maybe if I had finished my job here I might be looking for a haven to retire to. But I still have things I want to do."

It is just one more of the ironies of Richard Hatfield that what he really wants to do from his perch as premier of New Brunswick is only peripherally connected to his position. What he wants to do is save the bleeding nation. "Of all the 60 or 100 issues he deals with every day," says one government official, "by far the one that interests him most is the constitution. I think it's fair to say that the province's view on the future of Canada is really Hatfield's personal view." For Hatfield, every other issue pales when matched against the awesome question of whether the country will hang together. When the talk turns to unemployment in New Brunswick, he becomes distracted.



Hatfield (right) with Alberta Premier Lougheed, (left) Ontario's Davis, Prime Minister Clark: "To go to Ottawa is going over, not up"

"That's yesterday's issue," he argues impatiently. "I'm not saying it doesn't have to be dealt with but I can tell you that no matter what we do about it, unemployment is going to be rampant if the country falls apart."

Hatfield's impatience with Canada's ho-hum attitude toward Quebec separation has been building since 1970 when, during the first provincial election in which the Parti Québécois ran candidates, he wandered around Quebec on a personal intelligence-gathering mission. He came back convinced that what has happened since was going to happen. At every federal-provincial gathering since then, Hatfield has stood out like a beacon of broad-minded reason in a dark sea of narrow-minded politicizing. Yet, he may be the most conservative of all the country's political leaders on how best to meet the challenge of separatism. While Bill Bennett concocts complicated schemes for a House of the Provinces to replace the Senate, and Bill Davis and Peter Lougheed bicker over national energy policy, Hatfield talks about the British North America Act.

"The problem is not with the institutions," argues Hatfield, "the problem is that we haven't made them work. Nobody has come up with anything better than the BNA Act since 1867." But what he says is ultimately less important than the way he says it. He understands more than most English Canadians the frustrations that led many of Quebec's best and brightest to conclude that Canada was not for them. "No one seems to appreciate the devastating effect that the denial of the right of people who fly private planes in Quebec to speak their own language had on ordinary Quebecers," he says of the 1976 controversy over bilingual air traffic control. "These people began to say to themselves, 'If the federal government isn't going to protect our language, what can we do?' They became PQ in reaction to that kind of thing."

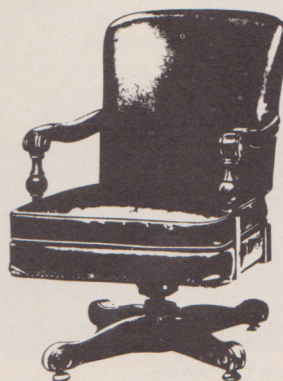
What Hatfield is trying to do to overcome that mistrust is to show Quebecers that he does care, and at the same time, to convince the rest of Canada that it, too, should care.

He will no doubt find some way to be involved in the coming Quebec referendum. "The people of Quebec must know clearly that they are no longer voting for good government," he says. "They are voting on whether to get out of their contract with Canada. They have to know what that means. It's all very well to isolate yourself behind a wall of language but that won't protect you against the arrival of the boat people, the refugees, or the price of oil from Mexico. We have to get over the notion that we control our own destiny. The world is getting smaller and

we can't settle problems by going our own way. We have to work together to cope with the world."

Aside from the obvious, what does all of that mean to his own corner of the world? Although Hatfield speaks with conviction about the need for minority language rights, it took his own government nearly a decade to fully implement bilingualism in New Brunswick, and even today, despite all of his very real efforts to keep the country united, there is now a political party on his home turf dedicated to hiving off part of New Brunswick as a separate entity on its own.

He is, in a sense, a politician of the world who just happens to come from New Brunswick. If it is easier for him to speak his piece from the premier's pulpit than it is from an Ottawa cabinet post, so be it. He knows, too, that his role in the national debate will not lose him votes back home. "The people of New Brunswick," he says, "want to be involved in solving the problems of Confederation. They want someone who can put the province's view forward on their behalf." Even as he strides across the national stage, Richard Hatfield doesn't forget how it will play back in Petitcodiac. ☒



We've been
taking good
care of
businesses in
the maritimes
since 1935

When we first opened our doors on Granville Street 45 years ago, we made a commitment to provide our clients with effective solutions for their business environments. Although time has changed the look of business, our dedication to quality and value has remained consistently strong.

You can depend on the proven abilities of Seaman Cross to help you plan and furnish your business interiors with quality products that suit your requirements. Our wide selection of office furniture, drapery, carpet and business machines means that we can satisfy your tastes, your needs and your budget.

Place your confidence in us to create your successful business environment. We plan to continue taking good care of you for many years to come.

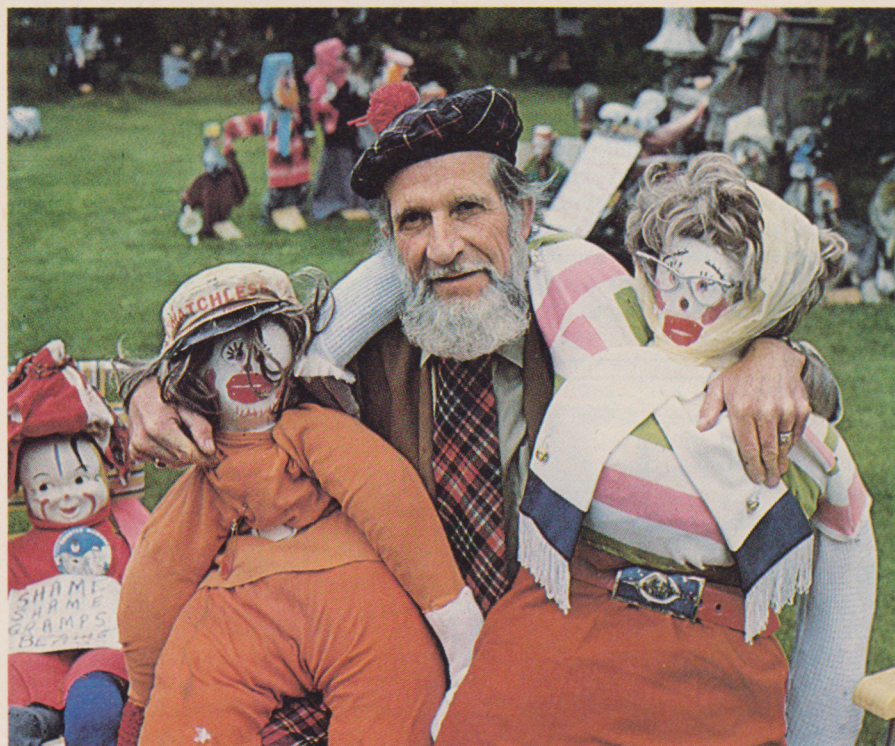
Furniture, Drapery, Carpet and Business Machines for Business Environments.

Seaman Cross Limited



46 Wright Avenue
Burnside Industrial Park
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia
Telephone 469 8190

Folks



MacDonald and dummies: After a while they're just like people

The strangest tourist attraction in Atlantic Canada may well be Andy's Dummies on Route 16 at Port Elgin, N.B. The handiwork of **Andy MacDonald**, 61, a native of Cape Breton, the dummies—roughly 300, in all—lie, sit, stand and adopt stranger poses all over MacDonald's property. Some appear to be very drunk. To help visitors get the goofy humor of the dummy scenes, MacDonald furnishes the characters with lines printed on wooden blocks, a task he finds easy. He's the author of two published books of memories about growing up in Cape Breton. In making dummies, he uses everything from straw to empty plastic bleach containers. "After you get working with them for a while," he says, "you know them just like people."

Dr. Marguerite Michaud, 76, is the *grande dame* of Acadian historians and educators and, these days, she's been collecting honors the way others collect stamps. Recently, she won the New Brunswick French-Speaking Teachers' Association's highest award. She's now working up an anthology of Acadian writers. There's an expensive one out already (in which she, of course, is included) but Michaud says, "Mine's going to be for the classroom." That's where her audience has always been. Unknown to much of English-speaking New Brunswick, she has been the godmother and catalyst behind French-language education. When she

got her B.A. from St. Francis Xavier University, she was the first Acadian woman ever to receive a degree. Later, she studied in Montreal, Paris and New York. She taught in New York City for 12 years "but I didn't belong there. I was uprooted." She returned in 1940 and, ever since, has been firmly downrooted.



Borgese communicates with musical friends

When Elisabeth Mann Borgese has free time she and her four English setters make music in their waterfront home at Sambro, N.S., near Halifax. She's trained her dogs to play classical

music with their snouts on a specially designed piano. The dogs' grandfather could type. Borgese, an internationally known academic, has worked with elephants, chimps and would like to try dolphins. She wrote a book on communication between man and beast. A senior Killam Research Fellow at Dalhousie, German-born Borgese juggles commitments which take her all over the world. Daughter of the late Thomas Mann, the Nobel Prize-winning novelist, she has never felt overshadowed. She's helped draft a world constitution, edited numerous academic journals, written *The Ascent of Woman* and three plays. A political idealist, she says "without some realism you can't achieve an ideal, but with just realism, you get nowhere." Work in political science led her to practical research on the law of the sea and she is director of the newly released first annual *Ocean Yearbook*. Sometimes the pressure and pace make her crave "time on my own." Perhaps to train dolphins at Sambro?



Diamond: Who'll stop the rain?

It's the ultimate high and the ultimate low," says **Brookes Diamond** of the entertainment promotion business. He should know. He's been in it since his senior year at Dalhousie University when he co-ordinated the winter carnival. This month he's celebrating the fifth anniversary of the Atlantic Folk Festival, which he considers the highlight of his career. "It can be absolutely hair-raising," Diamond says. The weekend festival has attracted as many as 10,000 folk fans from the Atlantic region to John Moxsom's farm, near Halifax. His biggest headache

is rain: Two years ago the site was flooded and some tents submerged. Finding performers is easier. Diamond travels the region frequently and has no difficulty attracting musicians: "Each province has an identity and musicians are keen about representing it." Only once has a performer failed to show, which helps explain what Diamond likes best about the Festival—working with folk singers. "They're a relatively stable bunch," he says, "not at all like rock singers." Now, if he could just control the weather.



MacLaren: Gaining on Opryland

Artie MacLaren, singer and songwriter from St. Peter's Bay, P.E.I., figures he's finally beginning to make it. He's recorded 12 albums of country music and, in September, his latest will come out in the States. It's called *The Entertainer*, and it's his first U.S. release. "It took 20 years of writing and pluckin'," MacLaren says, and one song from the album is "It's a Rough and Rocky Road to Opryland." MacLaren's albums are selling well and, in the past two years, eight of his songs have made it onto the national charts in Canada. He's appeared on such programs as *The Tommy Hunter Show*, *Ronny Prophet's Grand Old Country* and *Country Roads*, the CBC radio show out of Halifax. He hopes to tour Atlantic Canada next winter, but songwriting is becoming a major part of his career. This fall country-music superstar Porter Wagoner will record MacLaren's "Where Would John Baptize Jesus?" Sounds like a religious song, but it isn't. "Actually," MacLaren says, "it's got more to do with ecology. Where, today, could John find a river clean enough to baptize Jesus?"

Peter Beamish used to study whales at Nova Scotia's Bedford Institute of Oceanography. Now, minus tenure and three-quarters of his former salary, he's a private researcher and guide for people who'll pay \$785 a crack for a close look at baleen whales off Trinity, Nfld. "We'll be able to get within touching distance, at the base of the cliffs, or near cod traps where the whales like to gather," he says. His objective is to "bring people and whales together under pleasant and rewarding circumstances." For the price, visitors also get to hear Beamish "talk" with whales, using an ordinary tape recorder connected to a 10-watt underwater transmitter with a 100-mile range. Whales are music-lovers. "I've found classical music arouses their curiosity," Beamish reports. "They are not keen on heavy rock." Base camp for the whale-watchers is The Village Inn, a 150-year-old Trinity hostel Beamish bought last spring. Provincial tourism officials have encouraged the project, which could help Newfoundland show that its interest in sea mammals goes beyond clubbing seals.

The Women's Institute of Jemseg, N.B., wanted unusual quilts for its fair so **Stella Kennedy**, Young's Cove Road, Grand Lake, got a designer-friend to combine a children-of-the-world appliqué pattern with the International Year of the Child logo. But, the quilting pattern, the floral motifs, picket border, fabric and color choices were all her own. The tiny figures were specially difficult, even for someone who's been quilting since she was 17 (and won't reveal her age), but the result was a quilt of such striking gaiety someone snapped

Kennedy: N.B.'s Year of the Child quilter is piling up orders



Beamish: He's introducing people to whales

it up even before the fair opened. UNICEF Canada asked Stella to make another to show at its annual meeting in June and, later, she made a third for Judge Doris Ogilvie, Canadian chairman for the Year of the Child. Now, unofficially, Stella is the Year of the Child quilter, and orders are piling up for the winter. She doesn't mind. She told our photographer, "It bothers me more, having this picture taken, than quilting."

The Guinness Book of World Records has declared Keith Leriche, 20, Port aux Basques, the world's champ of marathon dancing. Leriche (Folks, July) danced non-stop for 304 hours and 19 minutes at the Port Club in his home town in April but, until the Guinness announcement, there was a cloud on his title.



Nowhere in Upper Canada has the sailboat explosion been bigger

Covering the Hog Town waterfront

Surprise. It's alive with good, clean fun and, in August, the Canadian National Exhibition opens for the 101st time By Dick Brown

Stick it to Toronto all you want—curse the greedies who run Bay Street, damn the Leafs and Harold Ballard, sneer at the Toronto rat-race and dump all over the people who produce those CBC programs (nearly everyone in Toronto dumps on them, too)—but don't shut old Hog Town out of your life until you've had a look at what goes on along our waterfront. Bit by bit, year by year, the Toronto waterfront has been emerging as a sort of ultimate playground, growing in variety and vitality and all-around pizzazz, and now, especially during the month of the Canadian National Exhibition, it's a show-stopper by any standard.

Toronto may be hustling and rude but it's also well organized and rich, and the things that people knock about the city are, in fact, qualities that have turned out a recreation-entertainment strip that you wouldn't believe, a stunning selection of activities that reaches for five miles along the edge of Lake Ontario. A friend of mine, a writer in Montreal, scoffs at the signs in Toronto parks that say, "Please Walk On The Grass." He thinks they reflect a total lack of spontaneous enjoyment in Toronto—of anything. Perhaps we do like to have our civic leaders point us this way or that—but in an odd sort of way this is exactly what's led to the creation of a great mix of schlocky waterfront fun. We're too cautious to go out and make our own entertainment (partly because we consider ourselves very cool) so the city, the province, and the federal government have been pouring money into our waterfront for years, trying to produce something that

will make earnest Torontonians use it.

Now, at last, all that money (something Torontonians understand and appreciate) is having an effect. We're actually using our waterfront and enjoying it—and maybe you'd enjoy it, too, especially toward summer's end when you can plunge into the phantasmagoria of the Canadian National Exhibition.

People in Toronto like to sound blasé about the CNE—"same old stuff"—but they go to it every year, and they love it because it is the same old stuff. They certainly boost it. Torontonians sound more and more like Texans and they'll tell you, before you even ask, that the CNE is the world's largest annual exposition. This means it doesn't come up to some one-shotters such as Expo '67 in Montreal (Toronto will never recover from that one) but it does mean that the CNE—the Ex, as we call it—is still a hell of a show.

It runs, this year, from Aug. 15 to Sept. 3 and it offers so much, on such a grand scale, that you can lay out your \$2.50 admission (50 cents for kids) then spend the whole day roaming the 350 acres and just letting the sensations wash over you; the unbelievable racket on the midway followed by the joyous relief of a quiet stretch of lawn somewhere—the marvel is that quiet corners do exist during the Ex—where you can tuck away a Shopsy (a hot dog) and kill your thirst with a monster cardboard cone filled with Honey Dew, while you watch the spectacle of the air show (it begins Aug. 30 and ends Sept. 3). The point to remember is this: There are air shows at fairs everywhere but if you're on hand for the CNE air show, you'll

see a super-duper special; at the Ex, even the wood-carving exhibition is exciting.

There are all sorts of ways to spend your money but you can have a great time just looking. Take in the annual dog swim or watch the water-show—skiers hanging from kites—or see the lumberjacks demonstrate speed-climbing or the underhand chop. Or have a look at some of the finest farm animals in the world—the CNE's roots are in agriculture and it still plays a big part in things. One of the most impressive events is the Scottish World Festival Tattoo at Exhibition Stadium Aug. 16 to 19. Two of Britain's finest military pipe bands will be on hand: The Scots Guards and the Royal Highland Fusiliers. Seats will be reserved so, if you're keen, write for tickets.

When the pipers are not using the stadium, the Toronto Blue Jays may be in it. They have 10 home games during the CNE so you'll have a good chance to get a look at one of the worst teams in professional sport; if you think the Argos are bad, wait until you watch the Blue Jays in action.

If you have kids with you (and even if you don't) there are great rides on the midway, the whole whirling, swooping mass of jolting, upside-down fun; and, if you like junk food, the CNE is heaven. In fact, it offers junk food that goes beyond junk—the notable eats in the Pure Foods Building: Excellent sausage or back bacon on a bun, hot doughnuts made as you watch, and last year, some of the worst Greek food I ever tasted. There are food booths in every niche of the grounds, and though some of it isn't the greatest eating in the world, it's all been inspected. I have a friend who makes a lightning visit to the Ex every



© JOHN DE VESSE/IMAGE BANK

© MIKE DOBEL/IMAGE BANK



The C.N.E. midway ain't what she used to be. She's better

The city looks best from the sleepy bliss of Toronto Island

year, for a specific culinary reason—to get a plate of goat meat at the Jamaican booth in a cluster of snack counters called Foods of the World.

You get a bonus when you visit the CNE. You get into Ontario Place, free. It's connected to the Ex by a pedestrian walkway that takes you out onto Lake Ontario, onto three little islands that the Ontario government put there eight years ago to entertain us. The islands are loaded with stuff to see and hear and ride and generally get a kick out of, including a lot of spectacular architecture that people always call space-age.

Most space-age of all is the globe-shaped Cinesphere which houses the world's tallest movie screen, six storeys high; the movie's sights and sounds wrap right around you and the experience, by itself, is worth a visit to Ontario Place.

And if you enjoy music...At Ontario Place, it's everywhere. There's a knockout spot called the Forum, open on all sides and designed so that audiences can overflow, in a planned sort of way, out onto the grassy slopes around it, and its revolving stage offers a wide range of top entertainment; you might get the Toronto Symphony one night,

Hank Snow the next. There's a less ambitious series of presentations at a bandshell on the tip of the West Island and there are marching bands—German, Irish, folk, anything—that stroll, rather than march, around the 96 acres of park. And, finally, there are groups of musicians floating about on boats on the lake. Don't get the idea the place is a blast of noise—it just jumps, pleasantly.

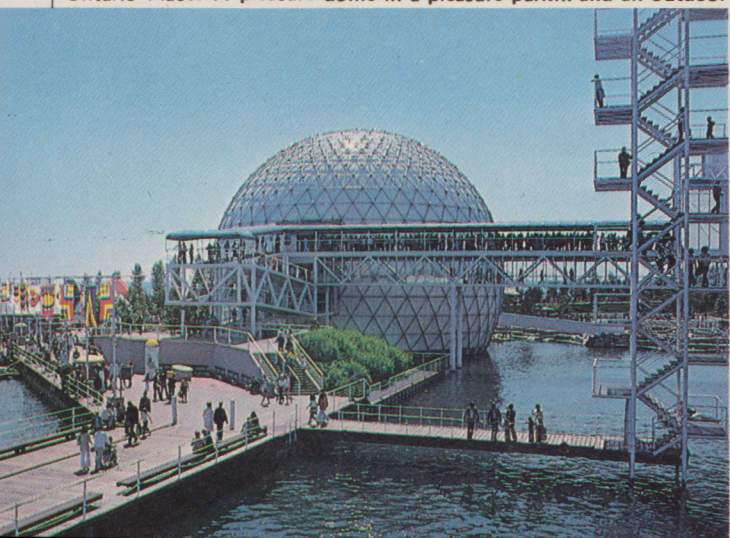
There are three theatres, named (with a remarkable lack of creative effort) Theatres I, II, and III. Theatre I presents a slides-with-sound show, which is better than you might imagine; II offers live theatre for kids, and III is an experimental theatre that's liable to throw almost anything at you—music, mirrors, black lights, you name it.

The rides at the CNE midway are bound to entertain and delight kids, but Ontario Place does it better. On the East Island, there's one of the most exciting and imaginative children's playgrounds you'll find anywhere, with a Land Play area and a Water Play area. There are intriguing delights such as the "Punch Bag Forest" and the "Moon Walk," and there's a terrific water slide which adults can use, too.

The food at Ontario Place comes in immense variety, from the classier dishes of The Trillium restaurant to fish and chips or burgers at the zillions of snack places—and none of it is specially good. Never mind. Get an armful of burgers or chips or something and head off to a peaceful spot, perhaps facing the open lake, and concentrate on enjoying the surroundings. At this point, let me offer an incidental warning: The overpowering presence of the CN Tower may lure you up to its observation decks and that's fine (the view is outstanding) but steer clear of the tower's restaurant, the Top of Toronto; CN seems to figure the view and the fact the place revolves will compensate for deficiencies in food and service. They don't.

To the west of Ontario Place and the CNE, there's a good expanse of green lawn along the water's edge and some small-time kiddie playthings. It's a pleasant place for a picnic, and there's the fine old Sunnyside Bathing Pavilion (a swimming pool), but after the CNE and/or Ontario Place, it might be a crushing let-down. Who wants to travel all the way to Toronto just to swat ants and chase frisbees?

Ontario Place: A pleasure dome in a pleasure park... and an outdoor theatre that hums all summer



© BOB ANDERSON/IMAGE BANK

© DOUGLAS J. FISHER/IMAGE BANK



Travel

Better you should head eastward from Ontario Place and poke around in the hodge-podge called Harbourfront, a gift from the federal government. It bought 86 acres of waterfront property, cleared out a tangle of old industrial buildings, tearing down or renovating, then made a big deal out of giving the waterfront "back to the people." In truth, there are still a couple of private giants there, Canada Malting and Maple Leaf Mills, plus some warehouses, but the mix works well.

If you stroll along, heading out to the ends of piers wherever you can, you will, as they say, cover the waterfront, and you'll find yourself in all sorts of


cranes are a couple of brief accesses to Lake Ontario, including Cherry Beach. You can swim in Lake Ontario. It's cold and it's dirty but it's not that cold, nor is it dirty enough to warrant a swimming ban. Cherry Beach is noted as much for its evening activities as its daytime use and Torontonians generally smile slyly at the name the way they used to smile when somebody mentioned Jarvis Street.

Move eastward again and you'll come to Greenwood Racetrack (actually, it's set well back from the waterfront) where there's both thoroughbred and harness racing. This year, during the

waterfront. It's the Toronto Islands, which sit out at the far side of the harbor, eight minutes from the city shoreline via ferry (on which the return fare is a buck). That's a good price because (a) the Toronto skyline is worth seeing from the islands, and (b) the islands themselves are charming, uncrowded and restful, almost to the point of being instantly therapeutic.

When you get out there, you can picnic or tan or swim or just stroll (being careful to avoid what one writer called "the slippery green goose poop") or you can take your kids to yet another amusement area, with more rides. You can rent a boat or a bicycle or a fishing rod—to fish in the stocked trout pond for \$2 (the limit is two trout).

The best part of all is the ferry ride out, watching the office towers come into reasonable focus. The Royal Bank, relatively short at 41 storeys, is probably the most impressive, with its gold-colored triangular towers and its Hall of Money (which is not what the bank calls it). The skyline is thrown completely out of scale by the height of the CN Tower, the tallest, free-standing...etc. etc. (How was Toronto to know that the rest of the world would laugh at the Tower?) The last time I went out to the islands, a couple of weeks ago, it was a day of non-stop sunshine, with the office towers standing out against a deep, pure blue. There was just the right breeze and the sailboats from an assortment of Toronto yacht clubs were sliding around the harbor and gulls were dipping and calling...the whole thing was absolutely spiffy.

As we got out on the water, churning along, another ferry, going the other way, passed us, off to one side, its decks lined with people in sunglasses and floppy hats. It was such a superb day that I made a mistake and got caught up in the moment—and I waved at them. I knew it was a mistake the moment I'd done it, and sure enough, nobody waved back. It didn't bother me because Toronto is not a waving-back city. It's not that we don't like each other (or the visitors who come to Toronto); it's just that we don't know how to handle ourselves when somebody shows a little enthusiasm. We do a lot of things very well in Toronto but being friendly—no matter what Toronto boosters may tell you—is not one of them. What we can do well is organize and build things and run them with a certain style. Come and have a look at our waterfront and you'll know what I mean. We probably won't shake your hand or anything gushy like that. But we'd like to see you. 



© BILL BROOKS/IMAGE BANK

Best of all, the ferry ride out. It is "absolutely spiffy"

fascinating spots, including boutiques and stores (many of them sell the sort of marine knick-knacks that keep sailors broke). There's an art gallery and there are restaurants (nothing good enough to tout, I'm afraid) and studios where you can watch craftsmen at work, and there's a Sunday antique market. It's all easy-going, almost quiet, though it gets busier in the evenings. If you visit on a Sunday evening, you can take in a free Dixieland concert. There are literary readings on Tuesdays, films on Wednesdays, folk and blues concerts on Thursdays, square dancing on Fridays and (are you ready?) ballroom dancing on Saturday nights, out under the stars.

East of Harbourfront, there's an interruption in the waterfront playground. A pair of 36-storey, very pricey condominiums block the way. Then there's the ferry dock (for ferries to the Toronto Islands), then the Harbourside Hilton hotel, then the string of Toronto's port facilities. Wedged among the mish-mash of canals and docks and

CNE, it'll be harness racing. Finally, at the eastern end of the waterfront playground, you come to one of the truly pleasing bits of Toronto and (as a sort of exception to the rule) it's a piece of waterfront that Torontonians have used for years. It's the Boardwalk—a sidewalk of planks that stretches along, beneath huge old oaks and willows, beside a pleasant beach. The area of old homes north of the lake is called The Beaches, and at the moment, it's one of the city's hottest real-estate values.

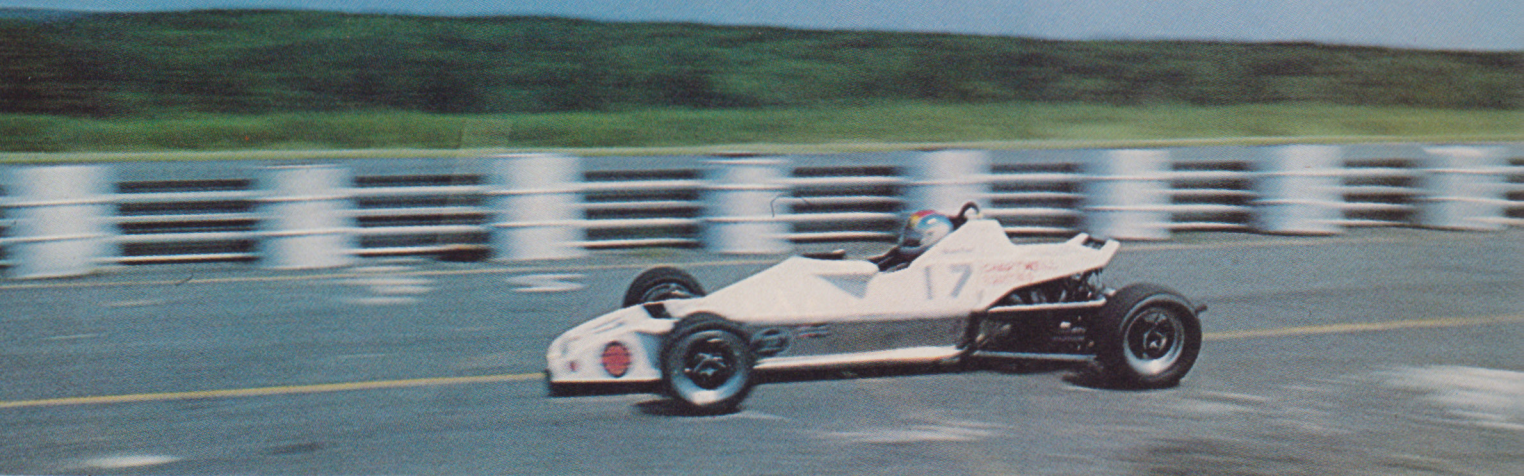
The main artery of the Beaches is Queen Street East—it's a few blocks north of the lake—and since I've been so tight with praise of Toronto food, I'd like to mention, in passing, that the Palm Restaurant, on Queen, has one of Canada's greatest breakfasts. You get two eggs, peameal bacon, sausages, home fries, sautéed mushrooms, baked beans, tomato and pumpnickle toast, all for \$3.95, and they serve it all day.

The most impressive bit of Toronto's waterfront is not really our

*Music for everything
You do.*

C 100 
FM

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



The road racing dream that just won't die

Debt-ridden, Atlantic Motorsport Park struggles on

The control tower stands in long grass, its loud speaker crackling through the still air of a sweltering summer day. "We need marshalls on corners seven and 10. Will formula drivers please volunteer, we can't get the race goin' without you. C'mon, guys."

It's qualifying day at Atlantic Motorsport Park. Sedan and formula drivers are here to test their skills on the 1.6 miles considered one of the best road-racing circuits in Canada. But the number of competitors and helpers is down this year and volunteer officials are prodding racers to help out. Five years after its construction on a 400-acre farm near Shubenacadie, N.S., AMP is still alive, if not thriving, a testimony to the determination and ingenuity of a handful of Atlantic racing freaks.

Halifax insurance salesman Dave Munroe attests to it. A self-confessed motorcycle fanatic, Munroe was one of the prime movers of the park in the early Seventies. Road racing was catching on as a spectator sport (long after car and motorcycle racers themselves began spending weekends watching each other race), but fans had to chase races from one abandoned airfield to another. Scoudouc, N.B., fell to industrial park development. So did the field at Debert, near Truro, N.S. After the third move, to a dilapidated field at Penfield, N.B., racing fans decided it was time to build a real race track in the Maritimes.

The group included motorcyclists,

most of them kids, but also nationally recognized drivers like Don Hogan, a member of the Canadian Porsche team, Frank Jobborn, of the Franklyn Formula Vee, and Dave Fram, a B-Sedan champ. All are financially secure local businessmen: Sports car buffs are necessarily well-heeled.

The men incorporated under the Societies Act of Nova Scotia. With \$7,000 cash and an \$80,000 mortgage from the provincial Department of Recreation, they purchased a moth-balled farm, 40 minutes from Halifax. They laid asphalt on the track just before the first event, the final round of the 1974 Players' Challenge Series, won by Toronto's Bill Brack.

Since then, it's been a hand-to-mouth operation. Owners are repairing the track this summer, and installing



McArthur: Big events "pay the bills"

toilets and showers for weekend campers. With no paid staff, the park runs six regional races each season, and with any luck, at least one national event. This year's lineup is the best yet—a \$40,000 Formula Atlantic race, a \$25,000 Trans-Am race, and a \$100,000 combined Pro Formula Ford and Endurance race. "We like the big events," says AMP publicity director Bill McArthur. "They pay the bills."

AMP is still the only road-racing circuit in Atlantic Canada. Aficionados consider its 11-corner track—with fast downhill corners, hairpin turns, long straightaways and an elevation change of 100 feet—one of the fastest and most challenging in the country, and racing greats such as Gilles Villeneuve, Bill Brack, Beany Parsons and Howdy Holmes have tested their skills against its hazards.

What makes men like Bill McArthur and AMP president Steve Fort give up their spare time so others have a place to drive? Fort caught the bug watching Grand Prix races with his father in France and Germany during the Fifties. Content to sit on the sidelines and drink beer at first, he now owns a brand new Van Dieman Formula Ford (cost: \$15,200) and spends his weekends travelling the Pro Formula Ford circuit from Quebec City and Shannonville, Ont., to Watkins Glen, New York.

McArthur's commitment is more modest: His Titan is five years old, but, he points out, it covers the 1.6-mile track only two seconds behind the newer Formula models. He concedes racing is an expensive sport. His tires (at \$500 a set) have to be replaced every two or three races. Drivers must post a \$100 bond each season, and pay \$40 for each race they enter. With regional races

run only for points and the chance to enter the Canadian Championship, there's little chance of recouping expenses. Fort, a Halifax cash-register salesman, estimates his costs will run to \$25,000 this year.

For both men, road racing is a precision game played at top speed. They scoff at stock-car racers, who simply drive "around and around in a circle." Says Fort: "You're operating to the limit of your ability, you're moving as fast as you can into that corner and braking as late as possible, knowing that one slip can mean you're a goner. That's the challenge."

Although Atlantic Motorsport Park was never meant to make money, incoming funds don't even meet expenses. It is \$100,000 in debt, work has become too much for volunteers, and there's talk of turning the land over to a company which could run it for profit. Still, the dream won't die. AMP exists because a determined bunch of people wanted Atlantic Canada to have the best track there was for amateurs. Regional races are their one opportunity, McArthur says, "to go out and pretend they're Mario Andretti for a day."

— Sue Calhoun

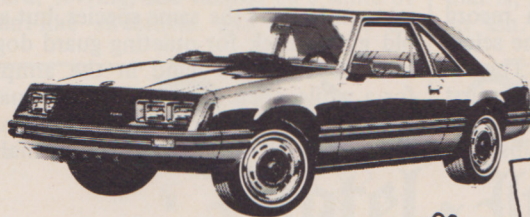
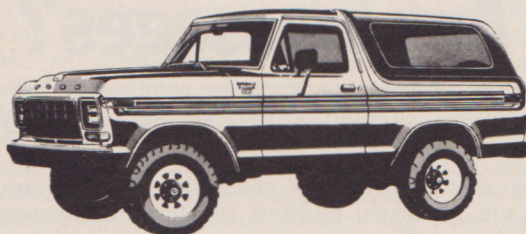


One slip, Fort says, and "you're a goner"



Fort pays \$25,000 to race

CHEBUCTO FORD SALES LIMITED



Pinto Fiesta
Ltd II Granada
Fairmont T-Bird
All New Mustang
New Full Size Fords
Ford Trucks F 100
9000 Diesel



Phone 434-7700

Telex 019-21783

P.O. Box 2550 D.E.P.S. 219 Main Street Dartmouth, Nova Scotia B2W 4B7

Give yourself a break

Top styling. Top value. From Canada's largest manufacturer of quality tables.



WORLD OF BILLIARDS®

SIERRA Modern styling and finished in a rich walnut wood-grain color. Slate bed. Heavy-duty cloth top. Professional quality cushions. Formica covered rails are burn, stain, and scratch resistant. Extra big playing surfaces. Two sizes: 4' x 8'; 4½' x 9'

DUCHESSE Classic styling in solid mahogany. Oversize, 1" thick slate bed, with 100% English wool cloth. Sculptured legs and frame, genuine leather pockets with gold-color fringe. A traditional table for any family room or Club. Three sizes: 4' x 8'; 4½' x 9'; 5' x 10'

Our factory-trained table mechanics can professionally install your new table. Call or write today for Free color brochures, plus: "Facts You Should Know About Buying a Pool Table."



347 St. George Street, Moncton, N.B. E1C 1W8 (506) 388-3696
Distributor for World of Billiards, Dealer inquiries invited.

Sniff. Sniff. Any messages?

Science seeks human communication secrets in, ahem, sweat

Picture it. A group of scientists asks some married women to rub a variety of chemicals on their chests before going to bed, and then record their rates of sexual activity. The scientists aren't sex researchers. They're studying a chemical called copulin, first isolated from Rhesus monkeys, later from humans. They think the substance may be what causes sexual arousal in humans. The experiment concludes in a dead end: Copulin is a washout. But the search continues full-speed for the scents which act as forms of silent communication among people.

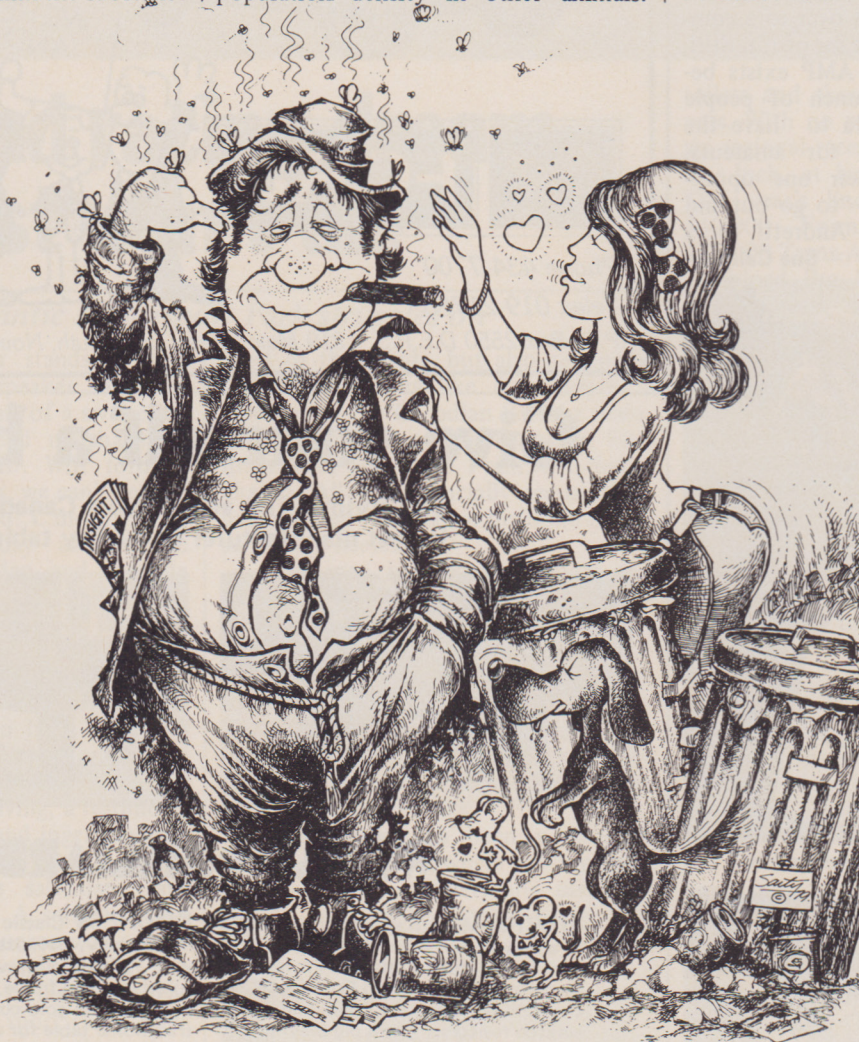
Scientists use the term "pheromone" (from the Greek, meaning "carrier of excitation") to describe these chemicals and stress the analogy between them and hormones. Where hormones regulate internal body activities, pheromones are released externally and affect behavior in areas from mother-child relations to aggression and dominance.

Insects are the busiest silent communicators. Female moths can communicate with males over incredible distances. Although a female gypsy moth has less than one-millionth

of a gram of pheromone, she can excite several billion males. In spruce budworm-ravaged areas of Atlantic Canada, scientists are experimenting with using synthesized pheromones from the insect to confuse normal mating practices and thereby stamp out the pest.

Animals are vigorous chemical communicators, too. A dog urinating on a lamp post passes on information to

other dogs concerning its age, sex, sexual readiness and territorial designs. Pheromones are supposed to work only on members of the same species, but an old gypsy trick for quieting guard dogs is to ball up the hand in the armpit for a while, then offer it to the animal. Pheromones seem to help control population density in other animals.



Scientists have noticed that the odor of a strange male mouse can abort the pregnancy of a newly impregnated female while the odor of the stud mouse leaves the pregnancy undisturbed.

Human noses aren't as well equipped as those of other animals and no human pheromone has been discovered yet. But there are tantalizing hints that

scents do affect our lives. In 1971 a Harvard psychologist, studying 136 co-eds in a suburban Boston college, showed that the menstrual cycles of close friends and roommates who'd lived together for six months converged to within five days of each other. The research concluded that the most important factor was the amount of time the women spent together, and a later study showed the changes occurred through sense of smell, notably the smell of perspiration.

Researchers placed a dab of alcohol on the upper lips of 16 students at San Francisco State College three times a week. In half the cases, they mixed alcohol with perspiration from a woman known to control the onset of other women's cycles. Within six months the group had moved from 9.3 days to 3.4 days away from the donor's cycle.

Since man became an upright animal, perspiration has probably been the most obvious way of introducing airborne scents into the environment. Suspicion that all these scents are telling us something, long hallowed in folk tales, is gaining ground in science. A century ago country boys wiped their dancing partners' faces with their own perspiration-scented kerchiefs in hope of arousing them sexually. In the Harvard study, researchers showed that women who seldom dated men had longer menstrual cycles

than those who dated often.

So far, science hasn't proved that natural scents transferred between men and women can influence behavior. But the phenomenon occurs in animals we resemble, genetically and structurally. There is a catch, though: With modern society's deodorant consciousness, it's a fair bet that fewer musky messages are getting through. — Robert Fournier

Opinion

We're too "cussed," Upper Canadian says

By Walter Stewart

I gave up on Atlantic Union the other day, about halfway down King Street in Saint John. For some time now, I have been a steady contributor to a mini-industry fostered mostly in central Canada. This mini-industry cranks out articles advocating that the four eastern provinces get together, for Pete's sake, to make one large province worthy of the name. The notion has always made sense to itinerant journalists like me, and to a gaggle of accountants, economists, gurus and neat-minded persons. Nothing ever came of our efforts, though. I have been pushing this line of argument since 1964, but in vain. Like the great Fundy Hot Air and Tidal Power Project, Atlantic Union has refused to evolve out of swirling talk into satisfying reality. It has always seemed to me that there is something in the Atlantic character inimical to the idea of union, but it wasn't until my wife and I were driving through Saint John that I recognized what it is—cussedness.



JOAN STEWART

Stewart: Atlantic Union can't work

My wife was at the wheel, and we were heading out of town in a hurry, as usual, when we hit that crosswalk on King Street about halfway down the hill, toward the waterfront. A couple of old geezers ambling across the street in opposite directions met in the middle and stopped for a chat. Why not? A crosswalk is as good a place as any. We waited, impatiently. They stopped yakking at last, nodded, and started to move off. Then a comely young woman caught up to one of them, stopped him, called back the other one and they all started in again, right in the middle of

the street, with traffic backing up. It was too much, and my wife hit the horn. The young lady looked up, wagged an admonishing finger, put one hand on our hood ornament and went right on with her gabble. We could run her over and kill her, or damn well wait until she was finished her visit. We waited. Finally, the tongues stilled, the party broke up and, as we edged forward, revving, she flashed us a smile of saint-like sweetness, and waved us on

our way. She made us feel, and she meant to make us feel, like a couple of pushy, big-city hustlers.

Cussedness.

I remember talking to an old boy in Salvage, Nfld. "I started fishing when I was 10, sir, and I never laid off till I was 60, and that was fishing enough. There were 40 schooners went out of here at one time, sir, big ones and little ones, that is, and you could walk across t'bay on 'em. I mind one time we was up off

Dundee Arms Motel ~ Inn



color cable TV, split bath, carpeting.

Dine in the colonial **Griffin Room** in a cozy atmosphere decorated with antique floral wall-paper, antique clocks, hurricane lamps, with brass and copper on the mantel.

For relaxing before or after dinner, the **Hearth & Cricket Lounge** is the very essence of an old English pub. **The Chandler Room** is like a ship Cap'n's cabin, with authentic brass lamps and mahogany panelling.

This gracious Victorian Inn is in the centre of Charlottetown, two blocks from Confederation Centre, and 15 minutes from the North Shore beaches.

Rooms in the Inn (all with private bath), feature antique brass beds and century-old furniture. The adjacent motel offers modern deluxe units with 2 double beds,

Dundee Arms Motel ~ Inn

200 Pownal Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island (902) 892-2496

WELCOME

Come and sample our brand of Atlantic hospitality. We're in Dartmouth; close to the MacKay Bridge, shopping, and convenient to Burnside Park.

There are 86 luxury units, with air-conditioning and color cable TV. We have 6 executive suites; 6 meeting

and banquet rooms. We cater to parties and dances.

Enjoy home-style cooking in our dining-room, which features a delicious buffet luncheon, Monday to Friday. And when it's time to relax, head for the friendly conviviality of the 737 lounge.

Welcome to Dartmouth. Welcome to the Atlantic Inn.

Atlantic Inn

affiliated with Eastern Provincial Airways
739 Windmill Road
(Highway 7)
Dartmouth, NS
Phone (902) 469-0810
Telex 019-31408



The Croft House is the Island Boutique

Island crafts, paintings, photography; imported fashions in wool and mohair; hand-weaving; shawls and blankets
FRONT TERRACE OF THE CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL
(902) 892-8651 OPEN ALL YEAR

Opinion

Labrador and it was dead calm and I looked up from the wheel and saw the wind coming. Saw it on the waves, sir, she was a living storm. We saw a ship go by, heeling, and she had nothing on the mast but bare sticks. The cap'n was down below and he comes up and I says, 'Should we take down the sail? She'll blow the top right off.' And he says, 'No, she won't.' And I says, 'If she doos you, she doos me.' And on we come."

Those two rock-ribbed and leather-headed old salts would have let the storm blow them to Bermuda before either would give way enough to admit the common sense of taking down the mainsail. They didn't have to take it down, as it turned out; the thing blew out, and they staggered in to shore. How are you going to make people like that doff their individuality long enough to join hands in a political union?

Another time, I interviewed a lobster fisherman in P.E.I. He was an intelligent man with a fair education and a certificate in plumbing. I couldn't understand why he didn't chuck the lobster business, sell his boat, and move to Toronto where, when they pay plumbers off, they have a Brinks truck standing by to carry off the swag. He said, "Why should I? I likes it here." Likes it here, for heaven's sake. What has that to do with anything?

I heard the same thing from a Glace Bay coal miner. Didn't he know he could make twice the money hard-rock mining in Northern Ontario? Not only that, in a hard-rock mine the shaft doesn't keep falling on your head. "I gets to hunt and fish," he said. "It's pretty here, out back."

Pretty, forsooth! People who put a premium on that kind of thing, people who stick to one position and firmly refuse to budge, are not going to leap into Atlantic Union, and that's that. They don't want change; they don't care to improve themselves. Give them a McDonald's hamburger emporium and they go right on eating cod.

Some call this stubborn streak personality, or even character, but I call it cussedness. A population that behaves this way doesn't deserve a new political structure, or another crew of government people to look after things, or wider roads and bigger shopping centres. All I can say is, as long as the Atlantic attitude stays like this, Saint John is never going to look like Sudbury. ☒

Walter Stewart, author of Shrug and other books, is one of Canada's most prolific freelance writers. He lives in Toronto.

Night Life

"La Fine Grobe" means great eats

You'll find it in Nigadoo, N.B. Ask anybody

In Nigadoo on New Brunswick's north shore nobody's surprised when tourists ask for directions to La Fine Grobe. They don't even raise an eyebrow at the occasional helicopter on the restaurant's lawn. What visitor to Fredericton wouldn't fly 200 miles for dinner at this gourmet mecca on the shores of Nepisiguit Bay?

Hilda and Georges Frachon bought what had been a millionaire's summer home seven years ago, planning to establish an art gallery and craft school to help create jobs for local people, "to develop our own skills and to assist other Acadian artists to stay in the area where they like to live." But the Frachons soon realized they needed something to lure visitors to the art gallery. (Nigadoo, although only a few miles from Bathurst and rimmed with beaches, isn't on most tourists' itineraries.)

A restaurant seemed the ideal answer. The building already had three kitchens. Georges, a linguist born in France, is a gifted chef. Hilda, a native of Edmundston, N.B., and founder of the department of fine arts in the now-defunct College of Bathurst, produces mouth-watering desserts from old Acadian recipes. Together, they created a restaurant even jaded diners-out swear serves some of the finest food in the world.

La Fine Grobe—an Acadian expression which means "good food"—is open only from mid-June to mid-September when the fresh foods Georges demands are available. This year he's built an outside clay oven to bake his bread. The Frachons demand perfection down to the finest detail. They import only fresh, moist coffee beans, so aromatic that when a shipment got lost in the local warehouse, Georges sniffed it out. He uses only "the first cold pressure olive oil" and claims you'll find no commercial sauces on his shelves.

The intimate dining room blazes with color. Paintings, many by Hilda, hang on the walls, gleaming pottery fills the corners and brilliant handcrafted quilts and woven rugs hang from the upstairs bannisters. Georges displays his own pottery too, made from clay he discovered and named "terre d'Acadie". Guests sit in sturdy, pine chairs at tables with locally woven covers and napkins.

A large fireplace warms the room on cool evenings and the sea sparkles outside the long window. When you make a reservation, Georges says, the table is yours for the night. The handscreened menu offers rabbit simmered with garlic, Iranian caviar, a superb lobster thermidor and flamed salmon with green peppercorns and the special La Fine Grobe buffet—all the delectable appetizers and crusty, juicy, berry-rich desserts you can eat.

Georges and Hilda Frachon haven't forgotten their original purpose. During the months the restaurant is closed, art students flock to them to take courses which earn three credits at the local

community college. The Frachons also use the winter to work at their own art and twice a year they organize a craft and art show. In addition, Hilda gives monthly art workshops to schools and Georges practises his linguistic skills.

"Our aim has always been a multicultural creativity centre," Hilda says, "a place where people of like interests can meet and take part in creative exchanges in all the arts." This year they'll give a series of summer workshops for campers and visitors. They regard the time spent on La Fine Grobe as part of their dedication to art. "It's basically the same creative process," Georges says, "playing with fire and water and design."

— Colleen Thompson



Home of fine food, and fine art



You reserve a table, it's yours all night



This "multicultural creativity centre" is also a gourmet's delight

Duck and fresh strawberries

When Halifax lawyer Donald Oliver was growing up in Wolfville, N.S., all five kids in the family had to help with meals. He picked up hints on nutrition and food preparation from two sisters who were studying home economics, and began to enjoy himself. At Dalhousie Law School, living off-campus with other students, he took charge of the kitchen, keeping to simple meals. But when he graduated he began rummaging through cook books and experimenting.

He took his first formal cooking course from the late Philippa Monsarrat (featured in *Atlantic Insight*, April) and credits her with his later success. By 1975 he'd applied to the Cordon Bleu Cookery School in London, England, where he took the most advanced course available, a rigorous week of eight-hour-a-day lectures, demonstrations and practice. Oliver was the only male among 16 students and his enthusiasm made an impression: "I was a keener and have an open invitation to go back."

He loves to cook. "I like to entertain," he says. "When I have good friends I like to give them good food and wine." His way of saying "I like you" is "Come to dinner." And he thinks cooking should be fun—not rich dishes, always, although he does cook them, but super-fresh, fragrant meals. He loves cooking country meals at his farm house in Pleasant River, Queens County, where his wood stove lends a tangy aroma to dishes, and his garden yields bountiful supplies of blueberries, raspberries, cherries, cranberries, and vegetables.

Oliver is no fan of kitchen gadgets, though he does swear by his food processor. He reserves pans for specific dishes. He has a copper bowl which he uses exclusively for stiffening egg whites and he cleans it with salt and lemon so it won't lose its seasoning. He prefers hand and arm power to electric beating.

Although he denies having favorite dishes, he does like fresh game—venison, rabbit, pheasant—which he often hunts himself. He also denies being a perfectionist, but makes all his own basics, like stock, and wouldn't dream of using black pepper in his mayonnaise. Like many exceptional cooks, he finds people edgy about cooking for him: "People are afraid to invite me to dinner. They're afraid I'm really critical." He says he's not. He's even got a cook-

book which lists 100 ways to cook hamburger, although his specialty is French cuisine.

Oliver finds nothing unusual in the number of men who are beginning to enjoy cooking: "Women like to get into traditionally male roles and men like to get into traditionally female ones." He's planning to write a book on men's cooking, showing how much fun it can be. Fortunately, he'll provide tips.



Oliver: Country cooking à la française

Duck A L'Orange

5 lb. duck
3 oz. dry red wine
2 oz. brandy
salt and pepper to taste
2 fresh oranges
1 onion
½ lb. fresh mushrooms
1 tbsp. olive oil
1 tbsp. butter
2 cups cold water
giblets, neck and liver from duck
6 peppercorns
2 bay leaves
1 small carrot
1 bunch fresh parsley
1 stick celery, 6 celery leaves

Stuffing

3 parts cooked wild rice to 1 part prepared liver pâté
12 roasted whole almonds.
Preheat oven to 450°F. Grate one orange peel. Run orange, onion and mushrooms through a food processor to grate finely. Sauté mixture in oil and butter. Bring the last seven ingredients to a boil, then simmer for 1½ hours. Meanwhile, take the other orange and squeeze inside and outside duck. Season duck with salt and pepper, inside and out. Place duck in oven and reduce heat to 350°F. Baste frequently. After half an hour remove duck from oven. Add

stuffing. To prevent almonds from becoming soggy, do not add until ready to serve. Return duck to oven for another 1¼ hours. It should be golden brown when cooked.

When stock has simmered, chop up giblets and add to mushrooms, orange and onion. Add strained stock, wine and brandy. Heat just before duck is ready for serving. Garnish platter with orange slices and grapes. Serves four.

Cold Strawberry Soufflé

1 lb. fresh strawberries
4 eggs
4 oz. castor sugar
5 oz. cream
½ oz. gelatine
2 oz. water

Save the best four strawberries to decorate the soufflé and press the rest through a sieve or strainer—it should give 10 oz. of purée. Prepare a 6-inch paper soufflé case. Separate the eggs, placing the yolks in a bowl with the sugar and strawberry purée. Over gentle heat, whisk the yolks until thick and mousse-like. Remove from heat and continue whisking until the bowl is quite cold. When using an electric beater no heat is necessary. Half-whip the cream and fold into mixture. Dissolve the gelatine in the water over heat, add to the mixture, stand over ice, and stir until it begins to thicken. Whisk the egg whites until stiff but not dry, fold into the soufflé, and turn into the prepared case. Leave in a cool place to set. When firm, remove the paper and decorate the top with strawberries.

Petites Mousses de Saumon Sicilienne

½ lb. salmon steak
1 small onion, sliced
½ tsp. salt
6 peppercorns
2 blades mace
¼ pint mayonnaise
1 orange
1 pint aspic jelly
1-2 caps pimento

Cover the salmon with cold water, add the seasonings and flavorings and bring slowly to the boil; remove the pan from the heat and allow the salmon to cool in the liquid. Prepare a thick mayonnaise using 2 egg yolks.

Flake the salmon, pound with the finely grated rind of the orange and then work in the mayonnaise. Season carefully and add a little orange juice to taste.

Place the mixture in small ramekin cases, smooth the top and chill a few minutes. Shred the pimento, place a spoonful on each dish and cover with aspic jelly just on the point of setting. Chill again, then serve with Melba toast. Serves four.



Special Report



Barnardo children at Saint John, N.B.: Their memories reveal strange evidence of strains of cruelty in our forebears

“Doption, sir, is when folks get a girl to work without wages”

The sad saga of the “home children” from Britain in Atlantic Canada

Children know some adults will mistreat them simply because they are children, half-people without rights, without the mind and muscle to defend themselves. The mistreatment may range from ridiculing a child's opinions or barging in front of a kid in a lineup, all the way to beatings, sexual abuse and murder. Children also know that, in a crunch, most adults accept another adult's story rather than a child's; and that the price of complaining may be further abuse. We've all met a man who grew up knowing that if he told his father a teacher had strapped him the old man would strap him all over again. For misbehaving at school. No questions asked. Such things are worth remembering, in the Year of the Child.

They're worth remembering, too, in light of Heather Laskey's strange tale of some of the most unjustly treated children in Canadian history. A British-born, Halifax-based freelance writer, Laskey recently tracked the story of nearly 100,000 orphaned and destitute British youngsters who, from 1869 right down to 1940, came to Canada as semi-slaves. Thousands landed in Halifax and Saint John. The survivors are getting on in years now, and their memories of

what they once endured are an unsettling insight not only into the attitudes of government and middle-class charities in earlier times but also into a strain of cruelty in the society of our forebears.

We think of Canadian farmers of the late 19th and early 20th centuries as stern, yes, but also as hospitable folk who lived by Christian rules of gentleness and charity. But one of the young British immigrants who survived boyhood on Canadian farms has a different slant on our past: “They never sent me to school, and they made me work more than the hired man. I've seen me fall asleep....The hardest part was the beatings I'd get from that second farmer. And for nothing. I've had every one of my knuckles so swollen and bruised I couldn't move them.”

In the mother country, shipping young “street Arabs” and other destitute children from city slums to Canadian farms seemed a capital idea. First, it rescued gutter children from a possible future of prostitution and thievery. Second, it saved British taxpayers the cost of looking after them. Third, it got distressing evidence of human misery out of sight. Fourth, it relieved congested labor markets in Britain

while, at the same time, it helped people a nearly empty colony with English-speaking workers. And fifth, the kids would benefit by settling in a clean, windswept land of opportunity and Christian character. Perfect. Charitable organizations—set up by such blinkered do-gooders as Maria Rye, Annie MacPherson, John Middlemore and Dr. Thomas Barnardo—led what soon became a fashionable movement.

The charities and Canadian authorities set rules to protect the children; but, often, the rules were ignored. The charities claimed they regularly sent inspectors to look the children over; but many of the youngsters never saw an inspector. Among those that did, some were afraid to tell him what they were suffering. The societies also set up homes here. In effect, these were holding tanks for the children, and temporary refuges. Before a society turned a “home child” over to a farmer, it insisted on his showing a clergyman’s testimonial to his respectability and regular church attendance. The farmer was to give the child bed, board and clothing, and a chance to attend school and church. In return the children were, in effect, indentured. They were tied workers. They could not leave till the age of 16, or, sometimes, 18.

Some arrived at kindergarten age. It didn’t matter. Many went to work immediately. (“‘Doption, sir,” an older girl explained in 1874, “is when folks get a girl to work without wages.”) It was true that on the Canadian farms of the time both adults and children worked hard but, more often than not, the waif from Britain worked harder than the family’s children and got less schooling, poorer food and beds, and more fists on the head. At school, Canadian kids mocked their accents and, at a Parliamentary committee in the 1890s, Canadian politicians damned them as “the offal of the most depraved characters in the cities of the old country.”

Life on an Ontario farm became so intolerable for a British boy in the Twenties that he hanged himself. Another killed himself by drinking insecticide. But it wasn’t only outrage over such incidents that finally slowed the flow of destitute British kids to Canada. It was the Depression. Farms collapsed and, on those that did not, there was little call for another mouth to feed.

Heather Laskey believes a million Canadians have descended from this strange river of British immigration and

that “the development of Canada’s agriculture, which helped make the country one of the wealthiest in the world, was founded in no small part on their sweat and tears.” She sought and found dozens of them. A few had happy memories. They’d grown up among kind families. Often, however, these men and women who’d been kicked out of their homeland at a tender age remembered their Canadian childhood as a nightmare. From Heather Laskey’s research—and as *Atlantic Insight’s* gesture toward the Year of the Child—we’ve selected a few of their stories. —The Editors

CHERYL LEAN



“I can remember that as though it happened this morning ...the way she hurt me”

Amy Hodgkins (maiden name; Baddeck, N.S.): The first I remember is the boat in Iona, and they met me with the horse and wagon. I was scared to death of the horse’s feet. So I turned my back to the horse so I wouldn’t have to see him. From then on it was murder....

They all knew about her beating me but they wouldn’t open their mouths....Even the ones across the lake, in Boularderie. They knew. They would hear about it. And when the inspectors came to visit us, I wouldn’t tell them. I was too scared, y’know. I thought she’d really pound me after they’d left....I can remember one day I was scrubbing the back porch, on my hands and knees, the bare floor, and I don’t know what went wrong but she kicked me from behind, with a pointed shoe, and you know how that will hurt....Holy God, I can remember that as though it happened this morning, the way she hurt me that day. I suppose I was 10, 11, or something like that, and it hurt me in later years. Doctors told me my back was hurt so bad that I’d probably always have sore backs from being beaten.

All I can remember is all the poundings that I got for nothing....I had the yard work, the field work....She had me kneading bread, standing on a box because I wasn’t tall enough to reach the table, all the dishes....I can remember one day and I was doing the dishes, and there was a girl from the road down further, and there was a few beans left in the bean crock that I was supposed to wash, and I took them and I ate them, the beans. Now whether I was hungry or not, I don’t know, but I ate the beans, but she pounded the daylight out of me right there, for eating the beans, in front of that girl....



Dakeyne Farm, British waifs worked harder



Oliver W. Hind, founder, Dakeyne St. Lad’s Club

Special Report

James Golding, (Sonora, N.S.): My brother found out where I was and, after three or four years, he wrote to me. He lived with a family where there were six children of their own. The mother put him out after four years. He was only 13 or 14. Then he found a farmer in Stewiacke, but he was treated terrible. He beat him with whips and said he was only a charity boy.

Clarrie Fensman (not her real name; brought up at a place she remembers as Hard Scrabble, N.B.; lives now in Dartmouth, N.S.): My sister was put in an awful home. The woman played sick. Nellie had a hard time. She's never told her children about our childhood....Where I was, the father, he was the sweetest old soul. The woman took against me after their son died. She couldn't understand why he had been taken and not me. After that, I worked like a man, trying to do his work, picking potatoes, pitching hay. Even when I was real young, I'd have to stand on a big box to make the bread and she'd have me spinning yarn. It was always work. They'd shear the sheep and we'd wash the wool and we'd pick it, and then we'd get it carded at the mill. Then we brought it home and spun it. I never knew as a child what it was to play.

My brother got into a place where he was just a little slave. Once he was up on a hay wagon and fell off. They thought he'd fractured his skull. He never got over it. He had terrible headaches all his life. A slave....

That is about all those people wanted with the children that came over—the work they could get out of you. I don't think they wanted them as children. I don't know of any that did it for the love of children. A little fellow came out with us and lived nearby. Johnny Holmes. They gave him some terrible beatings and I don't think he got enough to eat.



Decades later, Davenport remembers a long night

Charles Davenport (Cole Harbour, N.S.): They put us into the quarantine shed in Halifax. It was full of soot from the trains, and everything you touched you got so black, and we was filthy anyway. That was late at night. They gave us a cold box lunch. It was so cold, hard and dry, and fit for nothing but pigs. Seven or eight in the evening a woman in uniform came and told us to come with her and took us to where there were some wooden pallets, boards on the filthy floor. There was a filthy men's toilet we had to use....

We were dirty from head to foot, and cold. We were miserable. We didn't know what would lie ahead and we were beginning to get numb and not care.... We didn't speak much to each other, which was unusual because we'd been a jolly good bunch....Apparently we was supposed to stay there for 24 hours for quarantine....I can remember so well.

When we got to Windsor, we broke out in horrible weeping spots [impetigo]...We had nice skins. English boys had at that time. We was a horrible-looking mess but we got no sympathy. Nothing....

They put us into two sleighs, and we went through Windsor across the Falmouth bridge with the bells ringing on the horses and the horses clopping along till we got to Falmouth. Some of the boys were crying with the cold. But I wasn't crying. Yet. We got to this farm [The Daykeyne Street Lads Club] and this man said, "There's your home," and we saw it on the top of the hill through the snow, which was coming down heavy. We was wet as well as cold, and he pulled up to the back door, and we thought we was going into the house.

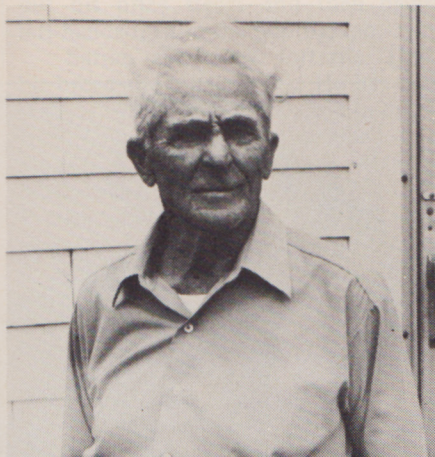
But not so.

A man named Arthur Smith opened the doors to the barn, and the horses drove right in. And we was given forks and shovels and we had to clear the manure out from behind the cows. Incredible, eh? They just got us working right away. We did eventually get a meal. It was late at night. But after we got through cleaning the cows....Our hands were small and soft, and my hands was a mass of blisters. We didn't tell anybody. We had the feeling it would be no use. We went to bed, roughly 12 at night, and at the foot of my bed there was a rope, and I didn't know what it was and was too tired to care. But I learned the next morning. It was a bell. No, no chance to sleep in. It was work from start to finish.

Esther Wells (maiden name; brought up at Hampton and Hoyt's Station, N.B.): We thought we were going to have this apartment and we thought we were going to live heavenly, just in luxury, a big dream world....I'd get up at 5:30, winter and summer. Start the milking. It was always work, work, work. I was never allowed to go out with the other kids. Never allowed to go out and play after school. Because I had chores to do. They weren't kind. Just work, just slave, is all they thought....When I was working on that farm at Hoyt's Station, and I'd be down in the cellar on a rainy day when I didn't go to school, when the potatoes had sprouted, I used to cry. I'd be so lonesome. I wanted to go home. This was the second winter I'd been in Canada, and every time I heard the song, "The Old Folks at Home," I'd be sniffing away to myself....Just lonesome.

James Golding: I was five years and nine months when I came over....We were put into this place in Halifax when we arrived and a man came in and a group of us went on a steamer....The man, the cook I think, brought me in here [to Sonora, N.S.] at midnight. "This is where you are going to live," he said. The next day I cried all day long. They gave me a mouth organ and candy, and I played the mouth organ and sucked the candy and cried all day. Sitting on that rock down there....They were poor people. Fishermen. They were good to me. They treated me as their own child. We raised potatoes and had a fox range. In the winter we shot duck and rabbits...when they killed a critter—pig or beef, they'd melt down the fat, put a string through the fat and hang it up to dry to make a candle....Our winter supplies were two barrels of Beaver flour, a 10-gallon keg of molasses, one bag of cornmeal, and raisins....Seventy-five years ago, on the third of June, I stepped through that door. I'm here yet.

Florrie Wilkes (not her real name; raised in Port Morien, Cape Breton; now lives in the Annapolis Valley): It was a mile each way from neighbors, so they never knew what they



Golding: In 1904, "I stepped through that door"

were doing to us. The couple had a boy of 19 and one of five. Their daughter had died. They put us in an attic. Talk about rats. You'd hear them going tiptopping up there. I was scared of those things. They were poor people themselves. They just wanted us to work. We'd sit at the same table but we would have different food. They'd eat one lot of food and Willie and me another. Their porridge was good fine oatmeal, but we had it made of cornmeal that the fowl got. They had tea with milk, as much milk as they wanted. Me and Willie had bread and sour cranberries to take to school for lunch. Were they ever sour! And their boy would have something special, like a jar full of cream.

Clarrie Fensman: My sister used to go and wash outside in the shed, stripped to the waist...because there was no place she could be private in the house where she was. The man used to come and peep in at her....When I was 14 they had a nephew and he came with his wife on a honeymoon. One day the three of us were to go fishing and the wife cried off. I went and we started to cut branches to make rods. He must have been a wicked man, and him just with a fresh wife. He raped me. He just did what he wanted. I went running back to the house and told them about it and I went and laid upstairs on my bed. No one said anything to me about it, and they stayed on another couple of days. All they seemed to worry about was: Was I pregnant?

Charles Davenport: We'd cry at night and I could hear the other boys too, for quite a while. We missed our own native streets, and all the gang, and it was no damn good at all, and we'd been disinherited from our own country.

Lizzie Phealin (maiden name; now of Brantford, Ont., brought up in Victoria County, Cape Breton Island): Sometimes I was wishing I wouldn't live. ☒

We provide an information service for consumers in Atlantic Canada answering questions on general insurance, automobile, fire and theft.

Dial Toll Free

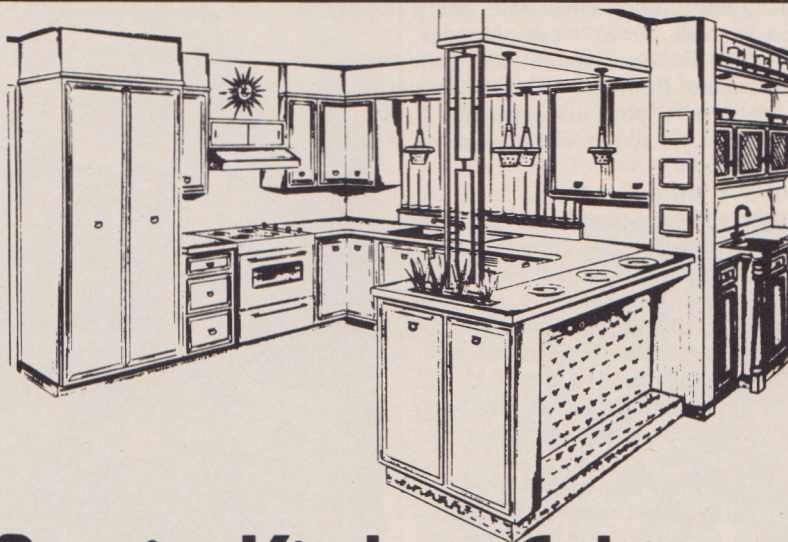
1-800-565-7189

Or call your local insurance agent or company representative.
In Halifax local service area call 429-2730

The Maritime Centre, 1505 Barrington Street
Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K5 Telephone: (902) 429-2730



Insurance Bureau of Canada
Bureau d'assurance du Canada
Representing General Insurance Companies
competing to serve you.



Bernier Kitchen Cabinets

Professional quality cabinets. Birch, oak, pine, cherrywood. 24 different combinations

New Line:

SUB-ZERO

Built-in Refrigerators. Freezers. Renovations a specialty.

Countertops Eastern Limited

35 Mosher Dr., Burnside, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Tele.: (902) 463-7074

Art

He moved from Brooklyn, N.Y., to Brooklyn, N.B. ~ to paint

After illustrating 73 Time magazine covers, Bernard Safran wanted to become a real painter

It is sheer coincidence, Adele and Bernard Safran insist, that their New Brunswick home is near a place called Brooklyn. They once lived in that other Brooklyn and so could be forgiven a measure of nostalgia. But no, they weren't seeking a piece of their past when they came to the Maritimes. Rather, they were escaping the city and, in Bernie's case, hoping to liberate the painter who'd been bottled up inside the illustrator.

In the Fifties and early Sixties, he was among New York's top book and magazine artists. Between 1957 and 1965, he produced 73 covers for *Time* magazine. His subjects ranged from Tennessee Williams to Jack Paar, from Lyndon Johnson to Che Guevara. There were frequent parties and the knowledge that, as an artist, you were a member of *Time*'s inner circle. He got a thank-you call from Jean Monnet, father of the Common Market, and a silver cigar case from the Shah of Iran when their cover-portraits appeared. It was a heady time, but Safran wanted something more.

"It's a different thing, being an illustrator and being a painter," he says. "In illustration, you're doing momentary things, and it's very superficial." So he left *Time* and began a painting journey that, six years ago, brought him to a red farmhouse by a lake not far from Sackville, N.B. "It's great," he still says. "I never thought I'd be able to go out my back door and go swimming every day."

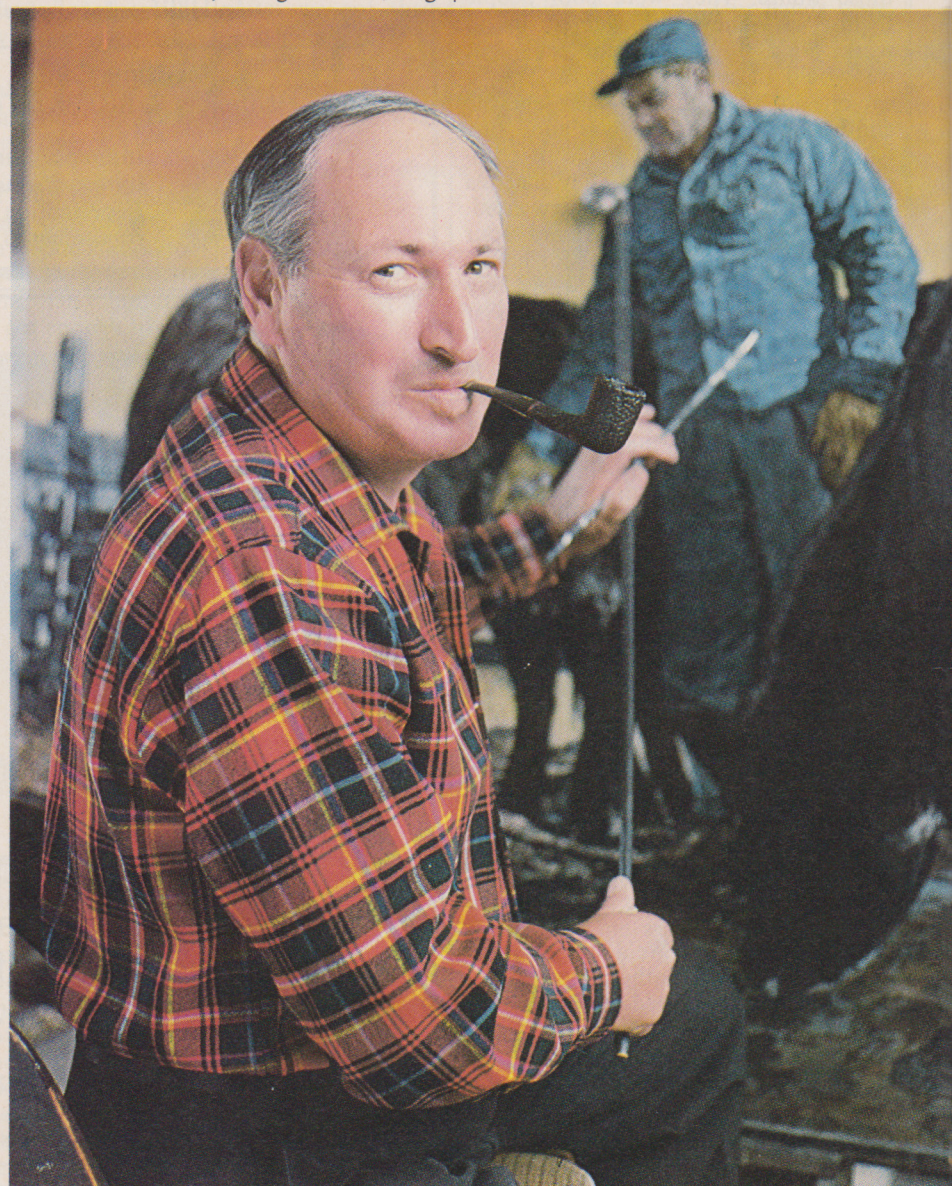
To say they have settled in is putting it mildly. She heads the local quilting group. He drives into Sackville and appears to know everybody. Their daughters, Barbara and Elizabeth, both won scholarships to Mount Allison. (Barbara's artistry decorates the current edition of New Brunswick's telephone directories—a lovely watercolor of the Safran home.) In 1977 the Safrans became Canadian citizens. Of his social life, Bernie says: "As a matter of fact it's busier here than it was there [in New York]."

Indeed, about the only things he misses are the art museums of the big city. But upstairs, in his own airy

studio, there's evidence he is coping. His spiritual and technical mentor is Rubens, the great Flemish painter. Thus Safran's own large paintings (he works only on hardboard, using paints and varnish he makes himself) are vivid, and usually hopeful. His subjects are frequently family and friends. He photographs them in black and white—for instance, a neighbor combing



His spiritual, technical mentor is Rubens...



His chosen subjects, family and friends from New Brunswick

out his prize steers—and then paints, left-handed, from the photograph.

Safran also does portraits. That's his bread-and-butter work. He has done Wallace McCain of McCain Foods, H. Roy Crabtree, former chancellor of Mount Allison, and Father Malcolm MacDonell, former president of St. Francis Xavier University. In August,



Portraits are Safran's bread and butter



His paintings "are vivid and...hopeful"

Safran's portrait of John B. McNair, the late New Brunswick chief justice, premier and lieutenant-governor, is being hung in Fredericton.

Safran now is happily blending his portraiture with his other painting, but it wasn't always so. When he left *Time*, he plunged into a show of paintings of biblical and mythological figures in contemporary dress. A "disaster" declared John Canaday in *The New York Times*. "He said the painting was first-rate," Safran recalls, "but the people looked like they were standing in stage-sets. And he was right." The review ultimately sent the artist into the streets—to photograph and paint the New York he knew. In all, 35 paintings came out of this period. Safran sold some but kept most, hoping someday to exhibit them in his old home town.

But if the New York paintings picked up the artist, other factors came to weigh heavily on the family. The drug scene was bad in the schools, violence was everywhere, and besides, "We were living in a very expensive place—Bronxville, New York. We decided for economic reasons to find a place in the country." They explored Vermont, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania but found them expensive, too. Adele's family had come from Canada (she and Bernie met while both were attending Brooklyn's Pratt Institute), her mother and father had attended Mount Allison, and daughter Barbara was interested in going there, too. One day while visiting the area, Barbara came up the lake, saw the old farmhouse, and flashed the message to her parents. By January, 1973, the whole Safran family was ensconced in its new home.

Safran still gets occasional remin-

ders of his *Time* years. When Washington's National Portrait Gallery presented 20 years of *Time* covers last summer, four Safrans were in the selection. But, at 55, he has moved on to a different form of expression. "I think painting is visual philosophy," he says. "Whatever you do projects your point of view." His point of view is "to try to emphasize the positive qualities of people." It is a philosophy born out of Emerson, William James and Epictetus, the Roman slave turned stoic philosopher. Even Safran's New York scenes therefore bear hints of personal fortitude shining through—whether in the face of a woman indigent or that of an ex-prizefighter whose glory days, if he ever had any, are long gone.

Similarly, Safran's Maritime work suggests none of the haunting loneliness of a Forrestall or a Colville. His is, in the end, a more optimistic view. "When I paint a farmer," he explains, "I want to enhance the qualities I think he has—honesty, his trust, his independence." His critics "can't say I'm incompetent," he says. "They just don't like my point of view."

Enough Maritimers do like it, though, to make his paintings sell. (During a show in Halifax, prices for a Safran ranged from \$1,500 to \$16,700.) As for his dramatic change in painting environment, he insists it's "quite a usual thing for artists to do." He points out that Winslow Homer, the top American magazine illustrator of the 1880s, left New York and *Harper's Weekly* for the coast of Maine. Homer was then 47. "I left New York when I was 48 and came here," Safran says. "I hope it has the same effect."

— David Folster



Bad reviews sent the former *Time* illustrator to the streets—to paint real people in scenes he knew

Small Towns

Chester

"At the heart of this fragmented and mysterious village, there has always been the sea"

— By Jennifer Henderson

Chester, Nova Scotia. A world-famous summer place, its name slips out as quietly as the bay laps the sheltered shore. Narrow roads twist over hills, giving sudden glimpses of spires, islands and schooners. In the centre of the Grand Parade, a lacy Victorian bandstand daringly exposes its crinoline. Yachts bob like corks floating on their owners' champagne, and the smell of brine is perfect: Tangy enough to be Maritime, but not acrid enough to offend the sensibilities of rich Pennsylvanians. Gulls careen and, down by the old stone bridge, there's a new generation of boat-builders. Men of Chester have been building sailing ships since 1753, or thereabouts. At the heart of this fragmented and mysterious village, there has always been the sea.

The sun shines serenely. It throws diamonds into lifting morning mist. The 365 islands that dot this tentacle of the Atlantic are ice age gifts for every day of the year and, if you look closely at Little Fish, Gooseberry or Apple, you'll see imposing chimneyed, gabled, arrogant mansions rising out of the sand: Symmetrical, white houses with black shutters, sprawling Cape Cods, pillared Georgian places. Monuments to the Gay Nineties, after Yankee bucks discovered Chester.

The Americans came to fish the rivers and sail the bay, to take the air—"to be waited on hand and foot for \$25 a month." In 1883, journalist Charles Hallock wrote, "Three pleasant summers have I spent at Chester. I idolize its very name....There are beautiful drives in the vicinity and innumerable islands in the bay, where one can bathe and picnic to heart's content. There are sailing boats for lobster-spearing and deep-sea fishing, and rowboats too. From the top of a neighboring hill is a wonderful panorama of forest, stream and cultivated shore."

Between 1885 and 1920, the American summer colony developed in earnest. From Philadelphia came the Wisters, the Starrs and the Pews (heirs to the Sun Oil fortune). From Baltimore came Bishop Murray, the Trimblees, the Carrolls, the Finneys. The Groves of St. Louis, the police commissioners from New York City, the Princeton and Rut-

gers presidents, the Pennsylvanian spinsters and their maiden companions, they all made pilgrimages to Chester. Until Prohibition, Freda's Peninsula sold for \$15 an acre. The Americans landscaped it into a tax-sheltered Eden. The silver laughter and gracious living of those in the American *Who's Who* lent Gatsby airs to the weathered wharves.

The fishermen, some descended from the original New England settlers, tied up at the same barnacled piers. They still head for the Fo-c-sle Tavern to down a brew and forget having to rise at 3 a.m. An oldtimer says they've been doing that "since the election in the Twenties when folks voted in taverns."



PHOTOS BY SHERMAN HINES

The Fo-c-sle froths with ale and good times. It is a pub, community centre and, for some, a place of worship.

At the other end of Chester, up the winding climb to the Peninsula, high hedges around sculpted gardens hide the bikini-clad from all but the most daring voyeur. Exotic shrubs and brilliant flowers bloom under the care of "locals"; green carpets unroll to the sea in front and to swimming pools and garden teas in back. Whatever style of life thrives behind the gates and No Trespassing signs remains enigmatic and deliciously snobbish.

A summer resident reports, "Summer people don't generally go to the bars. There's a strenuous cocktail circuit. It may mean as many as five parties in one evening." And although the black maids and servants' wings are now cobwebbed in the past, mothers and elderly maiden ladies still look to the village for "good help." The village, in turn, often looks to the summer residents for financial help.

Before the Crash, the Powhatten-Clarks of St. Louis sojourned at The Hackmatack Inn and, in the afternoons, sailed to the Peninsula for tea in their garden. They left their estate to



American Jesuits. The Groves, also of St. Louis, made their fortune from liver pills and pharmaceuticals. They had no cash-flow problem. The Pews (Sun Oil) of Philadelphia still own their original



shore-to-shore estate on the Peninsula and, under the matriarchal Mrs. Pew, provided seigneuries for progeny and, for the village, a generous sports complex, curling and golf clubs. Mrs. Tucker Gibbs, 82, still comes from Florida each summer, and she plans to bequeath her summer home (20-odd rooms, two furnaces and one elevator) to Chester's convalescents.

The village has one of the world's most scenic golf courses. The Pews donated it on the condition its members include only Chester people and summer residents. It overlooks the Front Harbour, at a spot where Yankee privateers came ashore in 1782. Captain Jonathan Prescott, using Chester's traditional tact with Americans, invited the privateer captains in for tea. A phony message to him—it said British reinforcements were on their way from Halifax—tricked the enemy into moving

on. As the story goes, Chester's womenfolk strengthened the ruse by exposing their red petticoats so that, from a distance, they looked like British "lobster-back" sentries. The privateers pulled out, looting Lunenburg the next day. From the Back Harbour, on a clear day, you can see Oak Island where Captain Kidd is said to have buried his pirate treasure 200 years ago. Franklin D. Roosevelt financed a couple of digs there in 1909. Chester craftsman "Chip" Smith figures "people have spent more money there than they will ever find."

Townpeople say the old ways are changing. "Oh, mind you, the third generation still comes but it's too bad all the good people in Chester are in the cemetery," says one. "People don't come for as long or spend as much anymore," says another. Some blame the changes on the automobile and improved roads. A Mercedes, MGB, even an occasional limo can zip the summer people away too easily. But the restaurateurs appreciate improved transportation and Chester's new accessibility to Halifax.

Sydney Dumaresq, the Halifax architect, thinks improved communications started the trend toward Upper Canadian, Montreal and Halifax ownership of property in Chester. Since 1974, half the American-owned land on the Peninsula has changed to Canadian ownership.

"Many of the Americans come only for a month now and rent out the estate for the other month," says Dumaresq. "The steep rent pretty much pays for upkeep, but after a while it isn't feasible to keep the place for one month's use —



atlantic region
management training centre

DO YOU KNOW US?

If not let's get acquainted!

Right across Atlantic Canada, we help supervisors and managers develop their potential for success.

Our services include:

- * IMPACT courses for supervisors
- * Programs in General Management, Personnel and Human Relations, Operations Management and Productivity Improvement
- * In-house training tailored to the particular needs of the requesting organization.

Let us bring practical training to YOU.

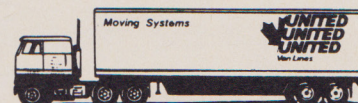
For our calendar or to be placed on the mailing list WRITE or CALL:

1340 Barrington Street, P.O. Box
1000, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2X4
(902) 429-8300 (231)

HOYT'S  **UNITED**
Van Lines

MOVING AND STORAGE LTD.

Moving Maritimers Across The Hall or Across
The Continent for Three Generations



UNITED. We Move.

WITH US YOU HAVE A CHOICE
BETWEEN DOMESTIC CONTAINER
SERVICES OR OUR CONVENTIONAL VANS

ASK ABOUT OUR GUARANTEED
NEXT DAY DELIVERY ANYWHERE
IN THE MARITIMES

HALIFAX, N.S., 453-4490
MIDDLETON, 825-6434
CHATHAM-NEWCASTLE, 622-4268
FREDERICTON, 455-7380
SAINT JOHN, 657-3861

Small Towns

especially if you have other summer homes." He thinks new buyers like Halifax Herald publisher Graham Dennis and retired businessman S. Rowan-Legge will set a new norm. Already Toronto and New York dads are packing the family off to Chester for the summer and commuting on weekends and holidays. The Genske family arrives each summer from Dusseldorf.

Summer residences and commuting have helped destroy the hotel trade. The heyday of the 19th-century grand hotels—the Lovett House, the Mulgrave, Prof. Keasbey's Hackmatack Inn, even the Sword and Anchor—is gone. The Hackmatack's elegant weekends of sailing, dining and ballroom dancing declined into nostalgic shabbiness and ultimately disappeared behind a "Condemned" sign. Wreckers levelled the Lovett and Mulgrave in the early Sixties. For a time "The Sword" was the only survivor, quenching the thirst of skippers, rear-admirals and bronzed crews during August Race Week when thousands of rum-chuggers flooded the town to compete for silver cups. It, too, fell victim to changing tastes and styles. The current owner, Toronto's John MacEachern, says he's spent a fortune

to restore it from a "cross between a Scottish brothel and Chinese opium den" to early 1800's elegance. He's rechristened it The Captain's House and installed a parrot at the bar.

Barney Danson, former Defence minister, called Chester "the land of retired admirals," and it does have its share of navy brass. At least six hover in or near the rarified cocktail sphere. Perhaps the most respected is the affectionately nicknamed Rear-Admiral "Debby" Piers, home after a world tour which closed his term as Nova Scotia's Agent-general in London.

Mrs. Frank Woolley, widow of England's greatest cricketer, a gracious lady who writes books and sells real estate, admits she's spent 30 years unsuccessfully trying to unlock the enigma of Chester's charm. She lives cosily in a house on the main street—the "pulse" of downtown Chester—where local color continues to surprise her.

There is Hilchie's Groceries & Seafood Takeout, a combination Pop Shoppe, grocery store, fresh fish restaurant, ice cream counter and laundromat whose Cadillac and tricycle trade make it the town's Charing Cross. More revealing of Chester's personality

is the Maritimes' largest pharmacy, which also contains a Simpson's order office. Inventory includes four large racks of Foster Grant sunglasses; two walls of hair dyes, sprays, and home permanent kits; a huge selection of detective novels and Harlequin romances; bags and bags of sucky candies and a selection of porn magazines that seems to proclaim Chester home of the D-cups as well as the sailing variety. *Evangeline* and *Famous Chester Recipes* are also available.

A few relics from the past surface in modern trappings. A greying veteran of a fish house is now a fine seafood restaurant, The Rope Loft. A Toronto father and son have turned a lobster cannery and grocery into an art gallery. Next to Mrs. Woolley's house is one of Canada's finest puppet theatres, Doris and Leo Velleman's Leading Wind.

Artists, writers and performers are a third level in Chester society, distinct from the glamorous rich and the daily village life. At their parties, apple cider and rum circulate amid clouds of sweet smoke. A middle-aged media dropout is planning a trip to the Azores in his schooner because he's weary of news. A fellow in blue silk lounging pajamas contemplates a sex-change operation. A fiddle, banjo and guitar trio is belting out Newfoundland jigs in competition with a Fleetwood Mac recording. Three people in different time warps are trying to explain why Chester is the best place in the world and why a writer shouldn't use all those local clichés and "fishing station crap."

In the calm of the night, the real and illusory become muddled. A dog barks down the road. From the wharf you can see yachts sailing all night. A cable creaks, and you remember what the older people say about the lifeblood of Chester: "This is the best harbor in North America. They come to sail...if it wasn't for the bay, they wouldn't be here...The summer people don't want canneries or factories here. They don't even want the roads paved for those big cars—say it spoils the charm. They come to get away from it all; all that pollution and crime and cars. People even come from Harrisburg where they had the nuclear trouble down there. They'll be glad to get here this year!"

You can see why. Chester is still small enough to walk all over, beautiful enough to refresh the senses, sweet enough to inhale. People nod and smile. They say, "Nice day," and you know it is. The quilts flap on the lines, the flowers and the sails blow softly, garden swings are swaying. As they say in Chester, "Proper t'ing, too."



Drug-store stock says, "Summer"

No longer a "cross between a Scottish brothel and Chinese opium den"



Chester has supremely scenic golf



Youth

Turning kids off crime: Shock therapy in the pen

Eleven noisy boys pile through the barred doors of Dorchester Penitentiary. A surly guard locks up behind them. Aged between 11 and 17, they've been in trouble with the law: Shoplifting, vandalism, theft, break and entry, arson. Two have spent time at the Shelburne Training School for Boys in Nova Scotia; all are or have been on probation. The visit to the pen is the last stop on an eight-month program of counselling and activity. Patterned after the successful program run by inmates at Rahway State Penitentiary in New Jersey, it aims at turning young offenders off crime. The kids have come to hear Dorchester's life inmates tell them what jail is like.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM HARRIS

Entering the pen: It's not like TV

First, they get a tour of the bleak institution. They've simmered down now, they don't like what they see. For street-wise kids, they ask a lot of dumb questions: "Couldn't you escape? How long would it take to cut through these bars with a nail file?" They go to the waiting room where incoming prisoners get photographed and finger-printed. "Yeah, but if you work with a pineapple for a while, your finger-prints disappear," Mike says. Edward Mackay, who heads social development at the pen, says, "You've been watching too much *Hawaii Five-O*." Howls of laughter.

In the cell blocks, the boys are told not to talk to the inmates unless they speak first. Some prisoners are friendly, others hostile: "There are the little assholes. Get off this ranch." The boys want to talk: "What are you in for? When are you getting out?" But they

seem stunned by the tiny cells, room for a rickety bed, a table and toilet. The heat is unbearable. Many inmates are asleep. Some glare, howl, rattle their bars, yell obscenities. The kids seem shaken. They haven't seen "the hole"—solitary confinement—or the weapons room and later, lifer Dave Larter tells them they haven't seen anything of Dorchester.

Six lifers in green fatigues perch on tables in the drab TV room. Water from a toilet at the back has overflowed across the floor. The lifers eye a guard in the room, call him "pig" and "screw." The kids don't dare twitch. "This is serious, anyone who laughs will get a slap. You all think you're tough," says Larter. "You're nothing when you come in here." At 21, he's the youngest lifer in the room. He tells them prison is a hole leading nowhere. He says they don't know the score: Inmates aren't heroes, they don't sit around smoking dope, they don't run the place. They're losers who've thrown their lives away.

Armand Lemieux was 16 when he was sentenced to Dorchester. Sizing up the boys, he tells them they'd have it rough: "Most of you guys look like girls, and someone will latch on to you quick. After five years in here you guys begin to look good. Just like you pick up a girl, they'll pick you up." The boys look scared; some clutch the sides of their chairs.

It's all new to kids whose impressions of the "big house" are shaped by television and penitentiary short-timers, back on the street. The lifers tell a different story. They talk about suicides, guys who slash themselves to break the monotony, inmates who get smashed up regularly. The boys want to know why the guards don't step in. When the lifers tell them the guards don't care, they seem baffled. It doesn't click that they're all alone in jail. Don't expect good treatment from the lifers, Gill Salmons tells them. Prison isn't one big happy family.

The lifers want to prolong the session: They're feeling good about themselves. It's a chance to let off steam, make a contribution, talk to outsiders. The nightmarish session tapers off into friendly chit-chat.

On the way out, two guys in a holding cell attract the boys' attention but

this time the kids tell them the score. They've had enough. Dorchester's bitter taste quiets them on the way home. Whether the effect will last is uncertain. Jeff, who's been to the training school, says, "I used to think prison would be fun. Don't think it sounds good anymore."

Nobody wants to go back.

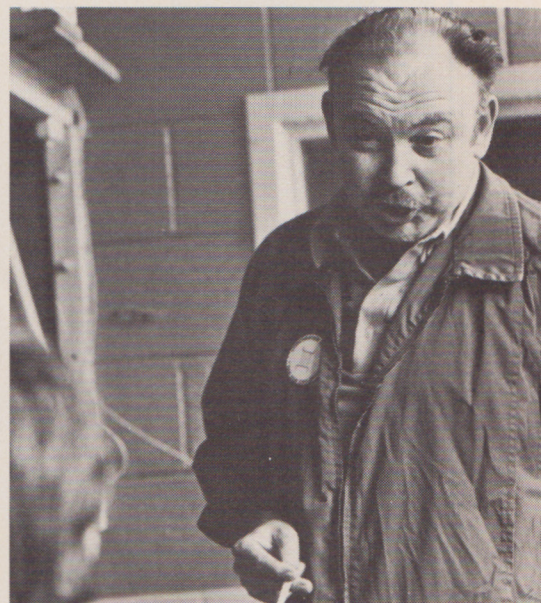
—Roma Senn



On tour, kids don't like what they see



Lifers talk of suicides, smash-ups



"Prison isn't one big happy family"

Special Publisher's Offer



The Publisher of Atlantic Insight is pleased to offer a limited number of fine reproductions of the May 1979 cover. The original painting by the noted Halifax artist Dusan Kadlec, was commissioned by the magazine for the election feature, "The Choice."

Mr. Kadlec selected oil as the medium and worked in the period-style of the Italian Renaissance.

The resulting cover received much favourable comment.

A limited edition of three hundred full-color reproductions, 13½" X 14", on heavy artist's canvas and stretch-mounted, is now available.

Unframed print, one hundred dollars. Framed print, one hundred and fifty dollars. Prices include tax and shipping. Please allow 30 days for delivery.

The Publisher, Atlantic Insight
6088 Coburg Road, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 1Z4

Ordered by _____

Mail to _____

Address _____

Prov. _____

Code _____

() Remittance enclosed

() Charge/VISA

() MasterCard

Card number _____

Expiry date _____

Card signature _____

NEW BRUNSWICK

Aug. 2 - 4 - Boiestown Fair, Boiestown

Aug. 2 - 5 - Canusa Games, Riverview

Aug. 2 - 6 - Heritage Festival, Fredericton

Aug. 2 - 6 - Parlee Beach, Summer Theatre, Shediac

Aug. 3 - 5 - Brussels Sprout Festival, Rogersville

Aug. 3 - 5 - Provincial Invitational Softball Tournament, Paquetville

Aug. 3 - 5 - Village Festival, Grande Anse

Aug. 3 - 6 - Cocagne Bazaar, Cocagne

Aug. 4 - Lobster Car Rally, Moncton

Aug. 10 - 12 - Pistroli Festival, Campbellton

Aug. 10 - 19 - Acadian Festival, Caraquet

Aug. 15 - Harvey Benefit Day, Harvey

Aug. 18, 19 - Blueberry Festival, Acadieville

Aug. 18 - 25 - Country Living Days, Sussex

Aug. 18 - Sept. 1 - Theatre N.B., "Same Time Next Year," The Playhouse, Fredericton

Aug. 19 - Yacht race, Cap-Pelé

Aug. 19 - 25 - Westmorland County Fair, Petitcodiac

Aug. 20 - 25 - Miramichi Exhibition, Chatham

Aug. 23 - 26 - Kings County Agricultural Fair, Sussex

Aug. 23 - 26 - Kent County Fair, Ste. Marie

Aug. 23 - 26 - Madawaska County Fair, Saint-Basile

Aug. 26 - Sept. 1 - Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John

Aug. 29 - Sept. 1 - St. Isidore Fair, St. Isidore

Aug. 29 - Sept. 2 - Recreation Festival, Bertrand

Aug. 31 - Sept. 2 - Nackawic Community Days, Nackawic

Aug. 31 - Sept. 3 - "Half Marathon," St. François, Madawaska County

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug. 1 - 5 - Tyne Valley Oyster Festival, Tyne Valley

Aug. 1 - Sept. 2 - P.E.I. Summer Playhouse, Victoria

Calendar

Aug. 3, 4 — Old Home Square Dance Jamboree, West Royalty
 Aug. 5 — Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge
 Aug. 5 — P.E.I. Highland Games, Belfast
 Aug. 6 - 10 — Confederation Cup Yacht Race - around P.E.I.
 Aug. 9 - 12 — Country Days, Charlottetown
 Aug. 12 — Prince County Blueberry Social and Tea Party, Port Hill
 Aug. 13 - 18 — Gold Cup and Saucer Parade and Old Home Week, Charlottetown
 Aug. 24, 25 — Prince County Exhibition, Alberton
 Aug. 25 — Crapaud Exhibition, Crapaud
 Aug. 25, 26 — National Handicap Award, Mill River
 Aug. 25 - 29 — Community Harvest Festival, Kensington

NOVA SCOTIA



JACK GUSANO

Aug. 5 — Frenchvale Scottish Concert, Frenchvale
 Aug. 6 — Dartmouth Natal Day, Dartmouth
 Aug. 6 - 18 — Kipawo Showboat Theatre presents "Carousel," Wolfville
 Aug. 9 - 12 — Festival Acadien, Petit de Grat
 Aug. 10, 11 — Economy Clam Festival, Economy
 Aug. 11 — Cape Breton Music Festival, Tarbot
 Aug. 11 - 19 — Canso Regatta, Canso
 Aug. 12 — Lobster Supper, Parrsboro
 Aug. 12 — Scottish Concert, St. Joseph du Moine
 Aug. 12 - 18 — 225th Anniversary, Lawrencetown, Halifax Co.
 Aug. 15 - 18 — Festival de l'Escaouette, Chéticamp
 Aug. 16 - 19 — N.S. Festival of the Arts, Halifax
 Aug. 20 - 25 — N.S. Provincial Exhibition, Truro
 Aug. 22 - 26 — Shelburne County Exhibition, Shelburne
 Aug. 24 - 26 — Canadian National Water Ski Championships, Dartmouth
 Aug. 28 - Sept. 2 — Eastern Nova Scotia Exhibition, Antigonish
 Aug. 29 - Sept. 1 — Digby County Exhibition, Bear River

NEWFOUNDLAND

Aug. 1 — St. John's Annual Regatta, St. John's

Aug. 1 - 15 — Arts and Letters Competition, Gander
 Aug. 1 - 15 — Kent Barrett: Photographs, Placentia

Aug. 1 - 22 — Graphex VI: Annual graphics exhibition. Work by Christopher Pratt and Heidi Oberheide included. Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Aug. 1 - 31 — Donna Clouston: Silk Banners, Batiked and Painted, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Aug. 3 - 30 — Art works by Karen Fletcher and John Hofstetter, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Aug. 4 — Grand Bank Day, Grand Bank

Aug. 8 — Gander Day, Gander

Aug. 10, 11 — RCMP Musical Ride, Jubilee Field, Corner Brook

Aug. 13 - 17 — Canadian Ladies Golf Assn. National Junior and Inter-provincial Championship. Corner Brook

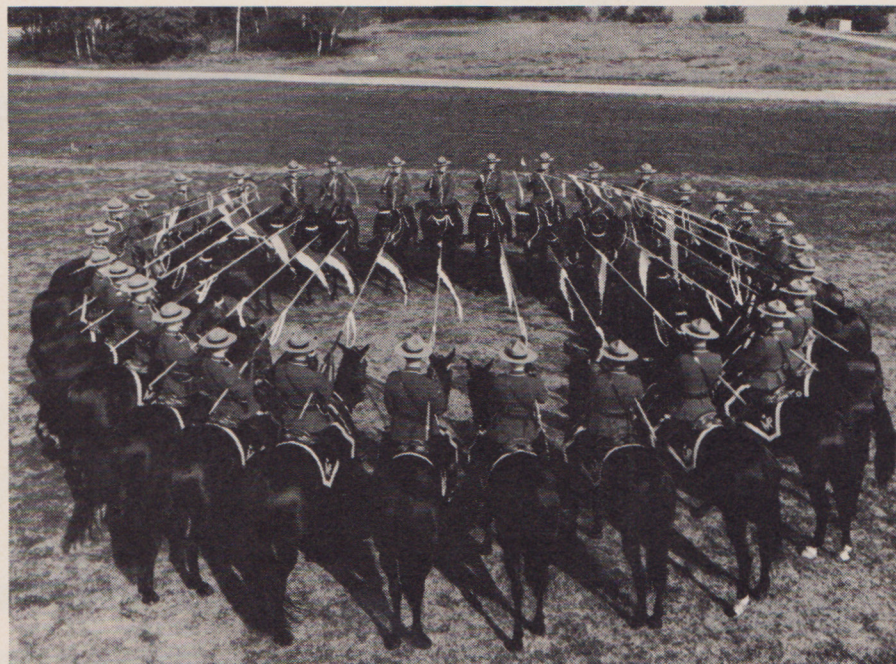
Aug. 17 — Visit of the world's third largest cruise ship Oriana, Corner Brook

Aug. 19 - 25 — Canadian Ladies Golf Assn. National Amateur and Inter-provincial Championships, St. John's

Aug. 23, 24 — Rock band Trooper, St. John's Memorial Stadium, St. John's

Aug. 24 - 26 — Flower Show, The Newfoundland Horticultural Society, St. John's

Aug. 29 — Blue Star Pace, St. John's Trotting Park, St. John's



Aug. 3 - 5 — Atlantic Folk Festival, Moxsom Farm, Hants County
 Aug. 3 - 5 — East Pictou Rural Fair, Thorburn
 Aug. 3 - 5 — Festival Acadien, Ste. Anne du Ruisseau
 Aug. 3 - 19 — Maritime Canadian and 29th World Snipe Championships, North Sydney
 Aug. 4 — Highland Village Day, Iona
 Aug. 4 — Midas Invitational Track and Field Day, Dartmouth
 Aug. 4 — Pipers Picnic, Earltown
 Aug. 4 - 6 — Western Nova Scotia Handcraft Demonstration and Sale, Annapolis Royal

Fisheries

The herring co-op that took off

From the seiner Sealife III, Ian Porter describes the fun, fears and sudden wealth of those who've launched "one of the most brilliant ventures in the entire revival of the east-coast fishery"

We're off the north tip of Cape Breton. A fitful sheen of northern lights brightens the moonless night and, to starboard, a dozen other herring boats are at work. Their arc lamps shine across the water, and their incoming seines glisten like wings of gauze. Here on the bridge of *Sealife III*, yellow streaks radiate on the sonar screen like a shout in the dark. Captain Wayne Thorbourne reaches up, gives a blast on the horn. Aft, a steel skiff slides down its ramp, wallows in our wake. The seine, 350 fathoms of it, follows out with a rattle of plastic and steel.

We're at The Edge. The ridge curves down from the Magdalens on the floor of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and, each April, the herring return to it. Like tuna

or porpoise, the seiners come in pursuit. Tonight, they'll catch 4,000 tons, worth nearly \$1 million at dockside in the morning.

"The fishery has a thing about it," a stocky little man says. He smokes a cigar, wears a New York *Yankees* windbreaker. "You get your day if you stay in long enough. We're having our day now." Some day. The Atlantic Herring Fishermen's Marketing Co-operative is one of the most brilliant ventures in the entire revival of the east-coast fishery. It enabled fishermen to take control of their own livelihoods, buy their own boats, reap remarkable returns. Some crew members, it is said, earned \$60,000 last year. Some captains, it is also said, paid more than that in income tax. Such legends are already commonplace.

Still, the seining captains are uncomfortable. Dick Stewart, general manager of the co-op, says jealousy and a political backlash have followed its success. He believes smaller-scale fishermen, the gill-netters, are crowding in on the good times and that desk-bound bureaucrats back the netters. Stewart sounds testy. "The trend today," he says, "is to ask how to stop the successful people. Government seems to think it's better to have 100 fishermen scraping along on \$8,000 than 33 making \$24,000."

The seine kicks past Delphus "Beer" D'Entremont and over the stern. "Quarter out!" he yells. "Quarter out." Crew relay the cry to Thorbourne on the bridge, and *Sealife III* turns 90 degrees to starboard. A red light on the skiff marks the start and finish of the set. The light recedes.

Using two boats to trap fish is an ancient technique, but modern methods look awesomely efficient. A seine costs \$50,000. Once set, it looks like a circular curtain wall in the water. Crew make fast both ends on the starboard side of *Sealife III*. The skiff comes round to port and, butting like a calf, pushes the vessel sideways into the circle. Now, round bow and stern, the net forms huge loops. While hydraulic drums reel in the purse-string at the bottom of the seine, the herring enter the trap. Once inside, they circle around the loops in search of an opening. When the crew draw the purse tight and turn on the work-lights, the water beside

Sealife III is alive with startled fish.

Sealife III is worth about \$1.5 million. Wayne Thorbourne bought it from his former employer, a Scottish firm named Sealife Fisheries Ltd., for \$600,000 in 1976, and the story of that purchase is in part of the story of the co-op. The seiners admit they owe a lot to Romeo LeBlanc, who was then the federal Fisheries minister. He ended the last shabby chapter of the "meal fishery" that had devastated herring stocks in the Bay of Fundy. The so-called "food fishery" would replace it, would provide more money and, by processing herring for table consumption rather than agricultural feed, would create jobs.

It was also LeBlanc who intervened to support the fledgling marketing co-op that some of the seiners had set up in a bid to raise the price of their catch. A unique export licence allowed the co-op to sell herring at \$80 a ton (more than twice the going rate) to Polish factory trawlers. Onshore buyers fumed at the deal but, nevertheless, landed prices began to rise. "LeBlanc's timing was perfect," Stewart says. "He moved just when herring had been fished out in the North Sea and the Europeans would pay anything to get a supply."

The co-op was exactly the breakthrough Thorbourne and nine other *Sealife* captains had been awaiting. They bid on the company fleet and, with federal and provincial help, raised the money. "Most people didn't think we could do it," Thorbourne recalls. "They couldn't see a bunch of fishermen putting it together and doing all the financing and paperwork."

The co-op restricted membership to the captains of only 54 licensed seiners, and it may now be the most exclusive club in Atlantic Canada. It marketed \$17-million-worth of herring last year, roughly two-thirds of the entire east-coast catch. In the spring of '79, it negotiated a price of \$225 a ton for Gulf herring. And Thorbourne? At 40, he's doing a lot better than he hoped when, in '63, he quit the RCMP to go fishing. He's got his boat, a \$150,000 house in West Pubnico, N.S., and part-ownership of Southwest Seiners. If you saw him among Halifax or Ottawa bureaucrats, you wouldn't guess his occupation. With his tailored suede jacket, slim-line briefcase and jogger's



PHOTOS BY FRED A. HATFIELD

Thorbourne proved seiners could run business



D'Entremont: Better than pumping gas

figure, he looks like a rising construction executive. "Yeah," he says, "we think we're onto a good thing. "We think it could get a lot better, too, if they'd just leave us alone."

Seawater and herring rain on the stern deck. Caught in the incoming seine, the fish rise into the light, tumble on the five hooded figures stowing the net. "The trick is to let the seine come down to you," D'Entremont says. "If you reach up for it, the water runs down your arms." The purse beside the boat is a welter of silver-and-gold bodies bunched so tightly some have already suffocated. Mingled with the sounds of machinery and water is the rustling of a thousand tiny tails. The herring are pumped aboard. The crew lower a big pipe over the side and into the fish and, moments later, the herring hurtle down a chute to the hold. "These are okay," Ambrose Amirault says. "Too small and the fishery guys could close the grounds for a week."

Seiners come from West Pubnico, Barrington, Shelburne, Grand Manan, Campobello, southern Fundy ports (though a small co-op also operates from north-shore New Brunswick). The "mobile fleet" of a couple of dozen larger seiners ventures into the Gulf each spring and fall. Many of its 200-odd men come from tight-knit Acadian communities. They're gentle men, and the fish they bring to local plants makes them welcome in Stephenville, North Sydney, Grindstone (the Magdalen Islands), and other ports. So does the custom they provide storekeepers, car-rental outfits, night clubs. "There's

usually seven girls for every man in this town," Linda Petterson says. She's a cashier at the Lorelei Club, Stephenville. "But when the seiners are in town, the shoe's on the other foot. Sure, they're welcome."

The older *Sealife III* crew—"Beer" D'Entremont, his brother Kenneth ("Kuche"), the cook, and engineer Ambrose Amirault—sometimes join the others for a night in port. But they find the music loud and impossible for dancing. The younger men include Raymond and Gordon D'Eon (not related), Colin D'Entremont, and Bradford "Chumley" Belliveau, the skiff man, and they're grateful for any break in the monotony of waiting for good weather.

Colin, 27, a bachelor, finds his social life suffers during his absences from West Pubnico. Moreover, he still gets "squamous" in bad weather, and doesn't claim to be brave. "I could stay home and run a service station or work in the shipyard," he says. "But not for the same money, or as much time off."

For less than eight months' work last year, the crew split almost \$300,000. Colin took six weeks off in Europe. He's buying a new pickup truck, plans to build a house. For "Beer," the money meant improvements to his house, a golfing trip to Bermuda, the ability to pay his daughter's university expenses in Halifax. The seiners' success, however, has aroused jealousy.

They think their troubles began

when a New Brunswick official told a reporter that Vincent Doucet, skipper of the *Margaret Elizabeth*, had landings in '77 of more than \$1 million. "It made it seem like everybody was doing that much," Doucet believes. "That's when they started putting the restrictions on us." Doucet is 50, a tough aggressive fisherman who sometimes sets his seine in weather that makes others fear for gear and crew. He's a leader, and he thinks some restrictions go against the facts of life. "They're trying to make everybody equal," he says, "but it just doesn't work out that way."

The captains claim that, even now, their average earnings are too low to replace boats built before steep inflation. As the federal election approached last spring, they grew suspicious that politics was mixing with conservation. They felt bureaucrats were favoring "the netters." Gill-net fishermen work two or three men to a boat, snaring perhaps three tons of herring a night with light drift nets. It's hard work but, since the co-op pushed up prices, more than a thousand men on the Bay of Fundy alone think it's worth it.

The gill-netters claim a sweep by one seiner can wipe out their catch for days. George Cottreau of Barrington says he's seen a seiner arrive among smaller boats and "just about pump our men aboard." The seiners say the netters are their own worst enemies, overcrowding the grounds, "setting on

Seiner captains say: "No help wanted"



Gordon D'Eon, 32, was lucky. He'd been a mechanic and volunteer fire chief in West Pubnico, N.S., but just before the herring industry took off in '76, he worked his way aboard *Sealife III*. "Since I started," he says, "lots of guys have tried to get on these boats, but there aren't any places." The big money means a captain can be choosy. If Vincent Doucet, skipper of the *Margaret Elizabeth*, needed a deckhand (which he doesn't), he'd look for "someone who can work, someone you can depend on....A man in the tavern isn't any good to you." Any new man better look smart. "I want someone, if I tell him to do anything, he doesn't ask why or when, he just goes ahead and does it," Doucet says. "Any other way, he can walk to shore." So far as getting a seiner job goes, Kenneth "Kuche" D'Entremont of *Sealife III* says, "You have to know somebody, or you haven't got a chance."

Fisheries

top of each other, running at each other, making so much noise they scare away the fish." Doucet thinks they're Johnnies-come-lately: "Some of them are just fishing for beer money."

The seiners regarded a recent government decision about fishing in Chedabucto Bay as a betrayal. They claim they turned herring into an industry that employs thousands of plant workers, truck drivers and service agents, and accuse the bureaucrats of resenting their success. But fisheries officials don't apologize for trying to spread the catch among more fishermen. Pierre Comeau, chairman of the herring management committee, said, "We think there could be 3,000 to 4,000 inshore participants on a seasonal basis."

The official view was that good management could assure success for both seiners and gill-netters, but the seiners no longer trusted the system. It had become "socialistic," Doucet said. "We've backed up some for the netters because they're smaller than us, but we're not backing up anymore."

The radio reveals the mind of the fleet. As they approach The Edge, the captains confer, reach agreement. The seiners draw into sight of one another, and set to work like a family of bears in a berry patch. An open mike picks

up a skipper's orders to his skiff man. "Take it to the stern, man, the stern. Don't you know where the stern is?"

The bridge of *Sealife III* crackles with conversations on two channels, in three languages: English, French, Unprintable. "Goddammit, we've got a rip. They're swimming out faster than they're coming in. Oh, goddammit to goddammit." *Sealife III* is having trouble with its skiff and Kevin Jackson's *Scotia Point* answers Captain Wayne Thorbourne's call for help. "That you over there, Wayne?"

"Yeah, I can just see your light coming around now."

"Okay, we'll be over."

Every seiner is curious about how the others are doing but, though fibbing is bad form, the answers are sometimes vague.

"How're you getting along, Carl?"

"First set wasn't bad, Vincent. How about you?"

"Oh, got about 100, 120 tons here."

"Yeah? Well, pretty hard to find anything to set over this way."

"Yeah? Well, looks like everybody's getting some. Better'n last night anyway."

Down in the galley, "Kuche" is cooking bacon and eggs. "You don't mind the breakdowns so much," he says. "It's the other guys beating you. We stand toe to toe most of the time

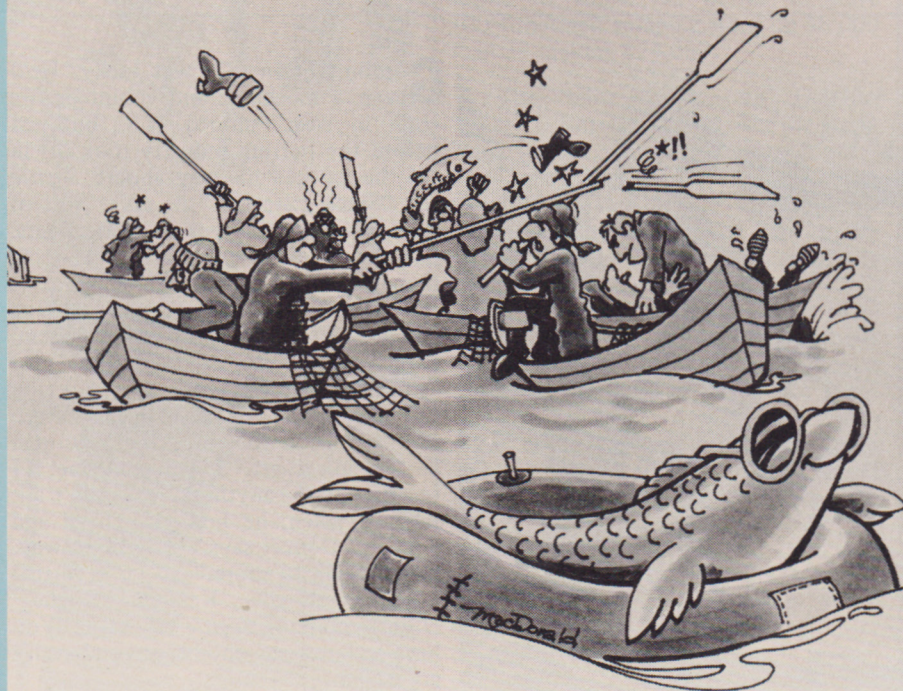
Japan prefers roe from B.C. Not fair

Atlantic fishermen caught 180,000 metric tons of herring last year, nearly three times the catch of B.C. fishermen. But the west-coast catch returned \$46.5 million, compared to only \$30 million for east-coast landings, and the B.C. fishermen got all the publicity. The national media have had a romp with stories about buyers waving suitcases of money from across the Pacific. The reason: Japan prefers Pacific herring roe. Importers are therefore willing to pay steep prices for the eggs that are stripped from the female herring, soaked in brine, and served as a caviar-like treat. East-coast eggs, it seems, just don't compare. "We've tried everything," a fisheries official said in Halifax. "We've had Japanese technicians over here to experiment with different curing processes. They don't know why, but the eggs just don't harden up the same."

but when a guy gets 100 tons more one night, you have a lot of work to catch up." He pauses, then adds, "It's a matter of prestige." — Ian Porter

Herring are trouble-makers but they taste good

People have squabbled over herring for generations. In 1861, Lunenburg fishermen asked Britain to put a warship off Labrador to protect them from Newfoundlanders. Part of the friction results from the fact that fishermen have merely to check their log books from past years to know where and when to set nets. Everybody turns up at the same time. One reason fishermen dislike seals is that they eat herring, but so do cod, hake, salmon, tuna, sharks, dogfish, squid, porpoises and birds. Among people, Europeans like herring more than North Americans. Herring can be smoked, pickled, marinated, kippered, sauced, chowdered, eaten on a stick. "The big nut to crack right now," says Jim Tupper of National Seafoods, "is to convince Mrs. North American Housewife to serve herring as a main course, and not just an appetizer."



Media

Nfld's TV mags come out swinging

The Herald throws a jab but T.V. Topics is a counterpuncher

Owned by millionaire media-magnate Geoff Stirling, and trained by a feisty 24-year-old named Gary Anstey, the *Newfoundland Herald* is the heavyweight champ of Newfoundland TV listings. Its circulation is 66,000. But over in the opposite corner of St. John's there's an up-and-coming challenger. It's *T.V. Topics* and, though it's been in the game only a few months, its circulation has already passed 20,000. The early rounds of the fight have fascinated media-watchers all over Newfoundland.

Stirling invented the *Newfoundland Herald* (its first name was the *Sunday Herald*) back in '46. The idea was to give the whole province coverage the St. John's press was failing to provide. The paper was also strong on gossip and sensationalism and, at one time or another, clashed with half the big names in the province. Stirling was so close to the paper he'd sometimes leave a formal dinner party, whip off his dinner jacket and run the presses himself. When he and Don Jamieson brought television to the province, the *Herald* began to publish TV listings. These and the gossip column drew heavy readership. By the late Fifties, the paper was in its prime.

But as Stirling's business interests spread to the mainland—and as his mind wandered into yoga and the teachings of Indian gurus—he spent more and more time outside Newfoundland. Soon, the *Herald* was out of shape. By the early Seventies, its staff was down to three: An editor, a secretary, and accountant. The editor quit. The new one was Gary Anstey, then 20, who'd come home from a newspaper career in Montreal. Stirling gave him his head, and Anstey gave the *Herald* glitter, pizzazz, news of Hollywood stars. The *Herald*, in short, became an entertainment magazine, complete with TV listings. Its circulation climbed to 58,000 in one year, and its ad rates rose from \$3.20 a column inch to \$8.00. "They said I was nuts," Anstey says. Resplendent in a three-piece suit and Italian shoes, he boasts, "Now we have four times the circulation we ever had."

The *Herald* was up to 96 pages a week. Its printer was Robinson-Blackmore, one of the biggest east of Montreal, an outfit whose board included such giants of Newfoundland's business life as Andrew Crosbie and his uncle Bill

Crosbie. Earlier this year, however, the *Herald* decided to buy its own plant. Stirling authorized Anstey to spend a million on printing equipment and a new building, complete with wall-to-wall carpet, potted palms and blow-ups of magazine covers. But before the *Herald* could break its contract with Robinson-Blackmore, the printers kicked the champ out. Without even a dry run on the new equipment, Anstey and his boys put out an issue.

Robinson-Blackmore missed the *Herald's* business, and general manager Doyle Roberts, 48, decided to challenge the champ. He appointed Paul Sparkes, 40, as publications director and gave him a special assignment: Whip a TV magazine into shape to compete with the *Herald*. (Sparkes had been with Robinson-Blackmore for 16 years but had left in '77.) "*T.V. Topics*," he says, "is a magazine that provides Newfoundland information, Hollywood gossip and in-depth columns. It's an entertainment magazine that stands on its own. The *Herald* is a fine magazine, but we felt it catered to only one group." Not surprisingly, Anstey disagrees: "We have something for everyone."

The bell had rung. The fighters were in the ring. First, the *Herald* used the promise of big money to lure away seven Robinson-Blackmore employees, including the janitor. "Our people get as much as 10% above what other Newfoundland printshops pay," Anstey says. "That's because we demand more from them. I did the hiring myself, and I think we've now got some of the best people in the printing business." Robinson-Blackmore retaliated to the raid by buying off the *Herald's* top saleswoman, guaranteeing her a good salary and a huge territory. Then they nabbed one of the *Herald's* circulation staff. Between puffs, chain-smoking Anstey said, "I wasn't going to be caught in any price bargaining so I said, 'Fine.'"

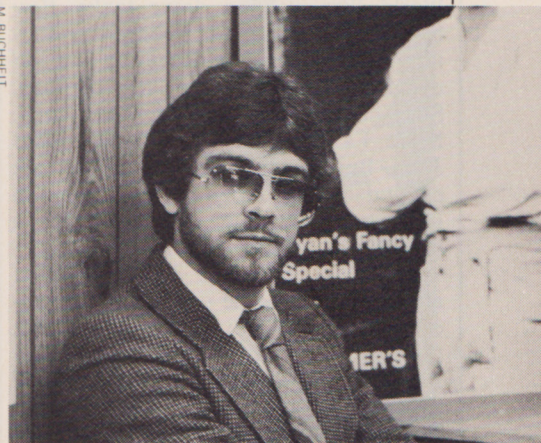
T.V. Topics reached the street last March. It started at 64 pages but, by June, it was up to 80. Advertising, Sparkes says, has passed all expectations. "We are \$3 a column inch cheaper than the *Herald*," he says happily. *T.V. Topics*, at 25 cents an issue, is also a dime cheaper than the *Herald* and offers colored comics. Aside from that, it's hard to tell the contenders apart. "They

said they'd put us out of business in six months," Anstey says, "but when they came out with their first issue, I knew there was no way they'd take the market from us. It's an imitation. They've taken our ideas and our format. But the competition is healthy. It makes us sharper." Sparkes agrees the competition is keen, and generously adds, "Gary is tremendously talented."

Anstey oversees a staff that's blossomed to 27. He's cagey about his plans for his rejuvenated champion. After all, he says, "We've already had the idea of the *Herald* stolen from us." He's not after Robinson-Blackmore's job-printing business, but he wants the *Herald* to publish quality magazines some day.

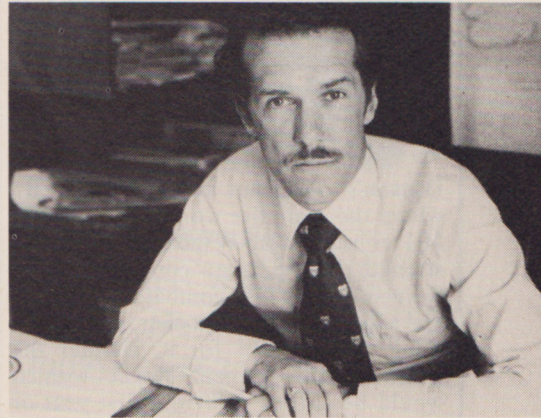
Temper ran high before the fighters climbed into the ring, and rumors flew. If someone was sick, fellow staffers assumed he or she had defected to the enemy. Now, however, the battle is mostly on the printed page as each publication struggles to do its own thing with the same material.

— Susan Sherk



Anstey: He gave *Herald* glitter, pizzazz

Sparkes: He made *T.V. Topics* a challenger



Armed Forces

Should women go to war?

As more women get "near combat" training, some say Yes, others No

Scots went to war in skirts. Romans fought in dresses. French musketeers crossed swords in lace-trimmed blouses. English cavaliers in high-heeled shoes lost a country; American colonists in sheer stockings won one. Today there are demands to send into combat Canadians who wear skirts, dresses, lace-trimmed blouses, high-heeled shoes and sheer stockings. Clothes, in the old days, may have made the man, but the Canadians in question are women.

Plutarch wrote of feminine foes who "charged with swords and axes, and fell upon their opponents uttering a hideous outcry." When Russian men were lost in their millions in the Second World War, women drove tanks, flew bombers, toted rifles. Deborah master-minded the Hebrews. Boadicea and her daughters rode before the Britons. Supernatural Joan roused the French. Marie LaTour gallantly defended Saint John. But these are exceptions. Men are expendable. If women are slaughtered in large numbers, the net result for a people is doom, even in victory.

At 6%, Canada's 78,000-member armed force has one of the highest percentages of women in the world and, this year, former Defence minister Barney Danson opened "near combat" jobs to women on a five-year trial basis. They'll enter military college, get isolation postings, fly search-and-rescue and learn more trades. Feminists scoffed at Danson's plan. One proclaimed that "the gory hand-to-hand combat of Danson's memories seems unlikely now"; to her, mention of battlefield realities was just a tactic to justify withholding equal rights.

Women in the service applauded Danson's moves but at Gagetown, N.B., where there are five women officers and 101 enlisted women (about 6% of base strength), there is no consensus about women moving into combat.

Captain Lynn Locher: "I don't think we're ready for it. Neither the men nor the women. Maybe women would be enthused for the first year or

two, but I feel they would not like it. It would create a lot of problems. Men are not ready to accept women in the field, and wives of men would not accept it. That would create another problem. [At five-foot-one] I found I couldn't do it. I wasn't tall enough or strong enough. If it's to be done, do it gradually over the years. Start with sending support trades into the field, then semi-operational and operational."

Private Ann Mattia, a mechanic: "I've been out in the field myself but only for two or three days. The women would be so outnumbered now. I can't see it. The women wouldn't be able to keep up in the woods. If there was only one girl out in the field, it would be very hard because she would have no one to talk to if the guys started to get down on her. If that's what they want, I'd say do it, but myself no."

Corporal Pam Benson, a medic: "I'm all for it. If the women want to do it. There will be no problems because they are female but with proper understanding women could do it. I was a medic with an armed squad for two weeks in the field and enjoyed it. But as for combat—looking at myself I couldn't do it with my upbringing, but maybe a lot of men couldn't do it with their upbringing. In the support trades, there is no problem at all. I had no problems out there. I was treated as a medic."

Even as it is, many of today's servicewomen are breaking new ground. Private Mattia, who works on everything from lawnmowers to tanks, says, "I had a hard time at first as far as the physical work goes. If I asked for help, the guys would say 'do it yourself.' Now that's changed. If the guys can't get an arm inside a small place in a tank, they hold me up and I do it. They test you at first. Now everybody helps everybody else. If you work hard and are willing to pull your weight, they'll help."

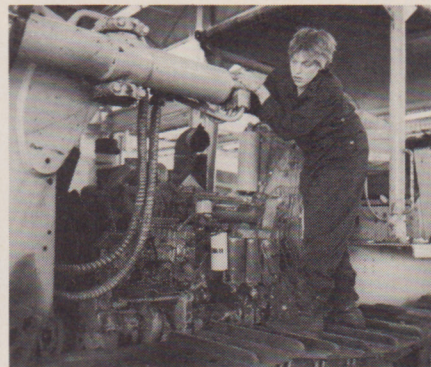
Corporal Benson was the first female medic at the base. "At first they were very patronizing, but I'm pretty stubborn and I started asking for field duty. Now they know I'm serious. You just have to stand up for yourself." Private Esther Saunders, the first woman in the Military Police, says, "I've broken up a few disturbances. A female seems to have a calming-down effect. They [women] are no threat to their manhood. They [men] get more couth around women."

Trying to combine a military career with homemaking poses problems. Captain Locher says, "It is hard getting a posting the same as your husband, es-

pecially when first starting. It is more difficult for women to raise a family in the military than in any other occupation because you have to go on seminars and training courses, work weekends and nights and bring your work home with you." Master Corporal Jean Johnston, a 12-year veteran with a two-year-old daughter, says, "You can't do both well, but that is not peculiar to the military. I've been juggling the two for two years. My little girl takes precedence over the military. At times I feel that isn't right. I feel I should be giving my best to the military, but that is not always possible, so you do the best you can."

Sherry Gillespie of Sackville, N.B., a supply officer with the Air Cadets and an ex-servicewoman who had to resign under old rules when she married, opposes all restrictions on women. Fighter pilots? "I know of cadets who have their flying licences." Sailors? "Women are going to sea now on short cruises with no problems." Soldiers? "You should see some of the hulks in the army." Yes, but what if an infantrywoman were pinned down with a group of men in a foxhole. Wouldn't she eventually have a private war on her hands? "No," Gillespie says, "they'd respect the uniform."

—Jon Everett



Mattia: Women couldn't keep up



Johnston: She juggles home and career

Books

Teaching in Nfld's outports

Don Sawyer, Tomorrow Is School and I'm Sick to the Heart Thinking About It, Douglas & MacIntyre, \$10.95

This book's title has a painful familiarity about it for teachers who have stayed awake on Sunday nights, nursing the sinking feeling that somehow they're doing it all wrong. It comes from a Sunday-night remark by a student. Unfortunately, many students carry around that Sunday-night sick-to-the-heart feeling all week. So do the teachers who must tidy up their pet doubts by Monday morning to face classroom routine.

The students in the book attend Squire Memorial Central High School in Hoberly Cove, a fictitious name for a real Newfoundland outport community. Their teacher and the book's author is Don Sawyer, and the story is about his relationship with the school and the people of Hoberly Cove. In 1970, Sawyer and his wife, Jan, both recent college graduates, were sending out job applications from his home in Birmingham, Michigan. Eventually they heard from the Terra Nova Integrated School Board which offered them teaching positions in Hoberly Cove. More out of desperation than enthusiasm, they accepted, and the adventure began.

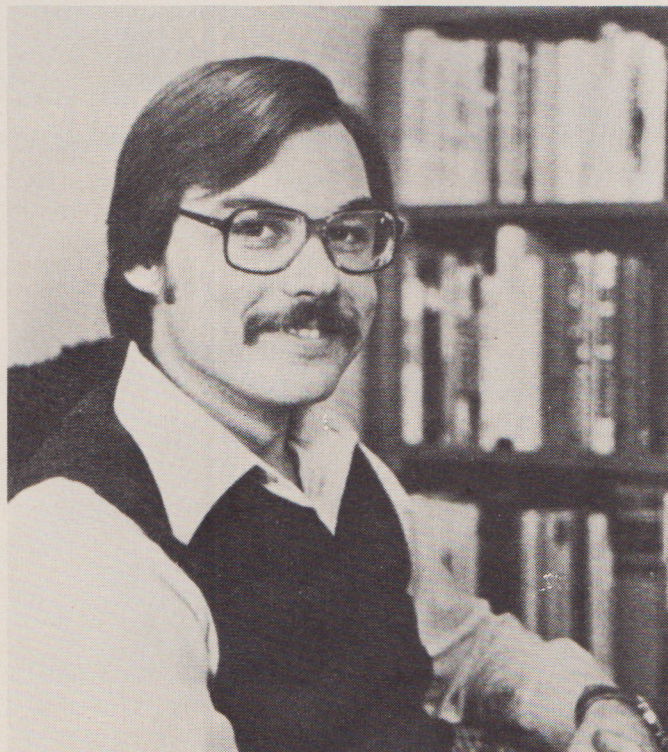
The Sawyers' lack of knowledge about teaching and life in a Newfoundland outport provides the suspense for a good story. Challenges like getting the Saab over the rocky, rutted paths that serve as outport highways, and bringing warmth to an oppressive, inflexible school system become causes to be cheered on passionately. But the victories come too easily and the strategies behind them are simply a number of clichés that happened to work.

It's disappointing that there are no new insights about education in *Tomor-*

*row Is School...*Nobody can be surprised when a high-school class isn't immediately turned on by neatly spaced stencils concerning Chinese philosophy in the Classical Age. But it's hardly an innovation to exchange one text for another, or give students more responsibility, or establish a library. What is surprising is how easily these ideas are implemented in the book and how quickly the students adopt them. Why? These same methods fail daily in school after school. Yet Sawyer was astonishingly successful. Is there something he isn't telling us? His storytelling has a frustrating lack of depth.

It also has a frustrating lack of fun. He remains untouched by the rich ironic wit that's part of Newfoundland. You can feel there's a funny story in the incident in which Sawyer's neighbor shows off his power saw by turning it on and waving it around the kitchen, to the delight and trepidation of his drunken guests. Sawyer must have known it was funny; but he treats the scene gently, almost with respect.

What he omits robs the book of sig-



Sawyer: His old-style teaching methods worked. Why?

It's our First Birthday

Come and help us celebrate

Everyone is invited to our 1st Anniversary Open House on August 9 at 8 pm. See you there!

galley
LIMITED

Historic Properties
1869 Upper Water Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 1S9
(902) 423-8624



A wide selection of:

- Paperback books
- Hardcover books
- Magazines
- Children's books
- Gift certificates available
- Special order service

READMORE BOOKSTORES

Five Locations

Atlantic Place	The Village
St. John's	St. John's
Truro Centre	Bridgewater Mall
Truro	Bridgewater
Bayers Road Shopping Centre	
Halifax	

"Readmore and watch your world grow"

LOVE IN A VERY COLD CLIMATE

A story from
ONLY THE GODS SPEAK
by
HAROLD HORWOOD

"...There's more than enough material here to suggest that Horwood is a writer growing in his skills."
—Nfld. Herald



BREAKWATER
Canada's Atlantic Publisher
277 Duckworth Street
St. John's, Newfoundland
A1C 1G9

Books

nificance. He shows no understanding of Newfoundland's people or their educational system. The events he describes seem to have no effect on the community or on education; worse still, Sawyer doesn't seem concerned about it. He assumes it's enough that a couple of idealistic young schoolteachers spent two energetic years in a Newfoundland outpost. Nice. But I don't think there's a book in it.

— Janet MacEachen

Old N.B. lives again

Richard Vroom (photographs), Arthur Doyle (introduction), Old New Brunswick: A Victorian Portrait, Oxford University Press, \$16.95

This book should catch the eye of souvenir-hunting tourists, but its true home will be in the libraries of New Brunswickers who cherish images of yesterday's realities. It includes 123 subtly reproduced photographs and, though the introduction is thorough and reliable, the printed words are a kind of

afterthought. The variety in the work of several early photographers demands your first attention, and holds it.

It's my guess you'll handle this book like a family album. Why? Partly because of the photographs of real people who might even be traced to your own kin. (Who is that young rake in photo 45, the one leaning against the door of the watchmaker's shop in the Miramichi country in 1905?) Partly because the activities recorded are so quaint. (Can that handsome couple in photo 63 really be sharing a stereophonic dessert?) And partly because the book has captured so many human moments: Ice-boating, cycle-touring in stuffed shirts, gentlemen camping, a ghostly Acadian cross-raising.

Old New Brunswick has a sure market among lovers of photography, marine history, and Maritimes culture. But it will also appeal to those who gaze at the shy faces of long-vanished strangers and wonder if they were really so different from us in their hour upon our mutual stage. Even if the props were not the same. Consider the three floating musicians on the Saint John River in the Nineties. If Jack Nicholson—playing his piano in an open truck in the movie *Five Easy Pieces*—had been available, I think our Victorian musicians might have moved over and made room. Nicholson wasn't available to them but, in *Old New Brunswick*, they are available to us. Don't miss them.

—Molly Hughes

OLD NEW BRUNSWICK A Victorian Portrait



Photographs selected by RICHARD VROOM ♦ Introduction by ARTHUR DOYLE

You'll handle this book like a family album: Its people could be your own kin

Movies

Meet Miss Piggy. She's on a star trip

By Martin Knelman

The lavender Pierre Cardin sunglasses delicately perched on her unfixed snout had the double purpose of protecting her from the mid-day Halifax waterfront sun and camouflaging her celebrated profile from the eyes of people-watchers lunching at The Clipper Cay. Miss Piggy was clearly not amused, but she was keeping her famous temper in check. The Hollywood gossip columnists have been on her back (so to speak) for failing to conduct herself with the dignity the public expects of its stars: Rona Barrett and Rex Reed had been especially cutting on the mat-



The divine Miss P. gives her all

ter of that unfortunate episode ending in her eviction from The Beverly Hills Hotel, when the hotel maids had been circling the building in their Mercedes with signs declaring *We Won't Clean Up After Pigs*. Now she had flown to Halifax with her entire entourage, not only to get away from discrimination but to promote her new film *The Muppet Movie*. At the moment Miss Piggy is the most popular figure on television, but as she confided recently to Johnny Carson (the second most popular figure on TV), for the first time in her life she is really scared. There have been other big names in TV—Lucille Ball and Carol Burnett, for instance—who couldn't make it in movies. And for Miss Piggy, television isn't enough; she has always dreamed of being a movie star. Now comes her big chance—and if she flubs it, that will be a devastating blow to her ego.

This is why she has dropped her long-standing policy of refusing all press

interviews with her oft-quoted dictum, "I give my all to my public in my work. The rest of my life is my own business." But now she had undertaken an exhausting promotional tour, packed with more than 20 interviews a day. When I met her for lunch, braced for the worst, I was surprised by how eager she was to put her best cloven hoof forward. "This is such a charming, beautiful city you have," she gushed. "What did you say the name of the place is? Oh, yes, of course, Halifax, how could I forget? I get so much fan mail from the Atlantic provinces I feel as if they're my second home. You know we have 250 million viewers all over the world? But I shouldn't boast, should I? You'll think I'm vain and awful." She squealed girlishly or sowishly, and the ears sticking out of her long, blonde tresses turned pink with embarrassment.

Munching on steamed clams and sipping Perrier, Miss Piggy (who rarely uses her full appellation Miss Piggy Lee), discussed the huge risk involved in the \$8-million Muppet movie. The film by necessity breaks away from the format that has been so successful on TV—the backstage and onstage exploits at an old vaudeville house where the show is being put together. The movie is both more naturalistic and more plotted: The narrative is about the determination of Kermit and his fellow Muppets to go to Hollywood and become stars, and about the obstacles along the way. In the tradition of such classics as *Singin' in the Rain*, *The Muppet Movie* is about how they made the movie.

On TV every week there's a different celebrity guest who cavorts with Miss Piggy, Kermit, and the other Muppet regulars: Fozzie Bear, the standup comic; Rowlf, the smiling doggie who plays the piano; Gonzo, the daredevil bird; Waldorf and Statler, the two old fogies in the audience who hate every show; and, of course, the boys in the band. In the movie, the guest stars have been worked into cameo roles. The characters Kermit meets at the El Sleezo Café are played by James Coburn, Madeline Kahn, Carol Kane and Telly Savalas. Milton Berle turns up as a fast-talking used-car salesman, who gets

"Captain Susan's" Imports Ltd.

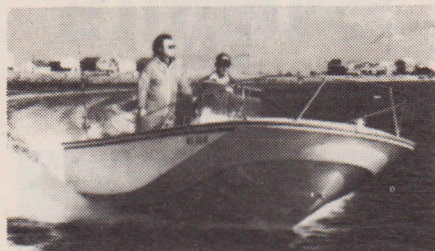


- Sweaters from Around the World
- Irish Coats and Suits (for ladies)
- Scottish Tartans and Crests
- Handwoven Garments
- Fine Woolens



HALIFAX (902) 425-3100
Historic Properties

**BOSTON
WHALER**



Distributed By

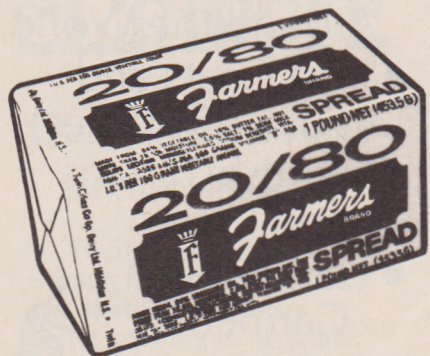
White Knight Marine

P.O. Box 1026, ARMDALE, N.S. B3L 4K9
PHONE (902) 454-5831

Dealers

Charles R. Bell, St. John's, Nfld.
Sealand Industries, Chester Basin, N.S.
Century Saw & Marine Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S.
Bras d'Or Marine, Bras d'Or, N.S.
MacDonald Sales & Service, Lake Ainslie, N.S.
White Knight Marine, Halifax, N.S.
Summerside Marine, Summerside, P.E.I.
Romeo Marine & Autobody Services, Shediac, N.B.
Smith's Sales & Services, Bathurst, N.B.
Buctouche Marine, Buctouche, N.B.
Caraquet Sport Centre, Caraquet, N.B.
City Sales & Service Ltd., Fredericton, N.B.

Farmers 20/80 SPREAD



20% Butter
80% Pure Vegetable Oil

at your
favourite food store

TWIN CITIES CO-OP DAIRY LTD., HALIFAX, N.S.

Movies

stuck with a Studebaker. Bob Hope sells ice cream cones and Richard Pryor hawks balloons. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, in their last appearance before their deaths, are the judges of a beauty contest. And in the biggest in-joke of them all, Orson Wells, that aging *enfant terrible* with the booming voice, plays a Hollywood tycoon named Lew Lord—perhaps a relative of the very Sir Lew Grade who produces the syndicated Muppets TV series as well as this and other high-priced movies.

In the movie, Miss Piggy's career is launched when she wins a small-town beauty contest. "Actually," she told me, "in real life it was much tougher. It took years of going to the right beach parties in Malibu before anyone would give me a walk-on." At this point I decided to ask her pointblank about those insiders who give the credit for Miss Piggy's rise to Jim Henson, the creator of the Muppets, and Frank Oz, who is reputed to be the voice of both Miss P. and Fozzie. "That," she said firmly between bites of sea-food pâté "is a slanderous rumor spread by the cheap yellow press. Henson and Oz will tell you that without me they'd still be putting on kiddie shows at their local YMCA basement." After this outburst she closed her lips, fluttered her false eyelashes demurely, and took a long drag from her black cigarette holder, rather in the manner of Lauren Bacall doing an up-front confrontation with Dick Cavett.

I plunged ahead, feeling this was the moment to ask her about those touchy rumors that Miss Piggy's horniness was not just a gag for the show but a real facet of her personality that had caused consternation and embarrassment in the Muppets' dressing room many times. "Oh I suppose you've heard those tacky stories about me and Rudy," she said scornfully. After the famous "Baby, It's Cold Outside" steamroom duet she did with Rudolf Nureyev on the TV show, Miss Piggy is supposed to have ripped off Nureyev's towel, which was all he was wearing at the time. "You can say that Rudy and I are very loving friends," she giggled.

And what about her alleged lust for Kermit the Frog, which some Hollywood commentators regard as the greatest case of unrequited love since Elizabeth Taylor fell for Montgomery Clift? "We've had our ups and downs, but the act carries on regardless. Look at Sonny and Cher, who got back together on stage even after the divorce. Kermit's sexual problems are nobody's business, and I don't want to be indiscreet, but I don't think it would be telling tales to say I have found a very good psychia-

trist for him."

I decided to change the subject, and asked her about the laudatory article about her in *Film Comment* magazine. "Like Keaton and Astaire," wrote Elliott Sirkin, "or Merman and Martin, [the Muppets] are popular artists who erase the line between high and low culture...[Miss Piggy is] the true star of *The Muppet Show*...She is, above all, a sister in that exclusive sorority that counts among its members Garland and Holliday, Magnani and Moreau, Bankhead and Bernhardt, and, of course, Davis." I asked Miss Piggy how she handled this sort of adulation, whether it didn't go to her head and orbit her into a star trip.

She seemed to take this question the wrong way. "Of course I'm on a star trip, lunkhead," she snorted. "And I'm fed up to here with actors who say they don't believe in stardom. I'm a star because the public needs me to be a star, and it's damn hard work. You think it's fun riding around in limos signing autographs all day? And taking abuse from no-talents like Craig Russell, who goes on the stage and mimics my namesake, Miss Peggy Lee. Craig Russell should get down on his knees every night and thank God for the existence of stars like Peggy and me and Liza and Barbra." She was shrieking so loudly that heads were starting to turn all around the restaurant. "Lina Wertmüller calls four times a day begging me to be in her next picture!"

After a moment's pause, she looked deep into my eyes and said very quietly, "Tell me honestly what you thought of the movie. I'm so tired of shallow flattery. I need the challenge of some intelligent reaction. I really *respect* your opinion. I want you to be brutally frank."

I hesitated, but there was no way out of it. "Well," I began trying to smile benevolently, "you know how I love the TV show, but I don't think it transfers to the big screen. And Paul Williams, who wrote the score, is not one of my 2,000 favorite composers. But I'm sure it will be a hit."

Miss Piggy's skin tone had turned a deep purple. "Do you know who you are talking to?" she bellowed. "I am a great star, and just don't forget it." She picked up a plate of half-eaten chocolate mousse with whipped cream and hurled it in the general direction of my face. "And you are just a hack journalist. Who *cares* what you think anyway? My public doesn't read reviews." I was making my way rapidly toward the exit, while mousse drippings made a new pattern in my suit. The maitre d' buried his face in his hands, weeping softly. ☒

Neighbourly news, views and pictures

Home delivery saves \$2.00 on the newsstand price.

Send my subscription to:

Name

Address

.....

Province Code

Please send gift subscription in my name to:

1 Name

Address

.....

Province Code

2 Name

Address

.....

Province Code

Your subscription @ \$9.00 per year

() 1 yr. () 2 yrs. () 3 yrs. \$

Gift subscriptions @ \$9.00 per year

Total Number \$

Total \$

Payment () cheque or money order.

Chargex/Visa No.

Master Charge No.

Expiry Date

Signature

Or bill me later ()

Subscription price outside Canada \$15.00

Neighbourly news, views and pictures

Home delivery saves \$2.00 on the newsstand price.

Send my subscription to:

Name

Address

.....

Province Code

Your subscription @ \$9.00 per year

() 1 yr. () 2 yrs. () 3 yrs. \$

Gift subscriptions @ \$9.00 per year

Total Number \$

Total \$

Payment () cheque or money order.

Chargex/Visa No.

Master Charge No.

Expiry Date

Signature

Or bill me later ()

Subscription price outside Canada \$15.00



Business Reply Mail:
No Postage Stamp Necessary
If Mailed In Canada.

Postage will be paid by:

Atlantic
Insight

6088 Coburg Road
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 9Z9



Business Reply Mail:
No Postage Stamp Necessary
If Mailed In Canada.

Postage will be paid by:

Atlantic
Insight

6088 Coburg Road
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 9Z9



Hi, neighbour!

Open up Atlantic Insight and meet the real people of Atlantic Canada.

Strippers,
strummers,
pumpers and
jumpers.
Sealers,
sailors,
winers and
diners.
Trotters,
plotters,
healers and
dealers.
Players and
painters.
Plus.



Subscribe now to

Atlantic
Insight

more than just a news magazine

Marketplace

Marketplace Advertising

All marketplace ads accepted at the discretion of the Publisher. Ads of personal nature, business opportunities, special services, articles for sale, notices, etc. accepted only in writing and set in

running copy only. Rates: \$1.00 per word, minimum 10 words. Payment due in advance with order. Bold headings: 10% extra. Closing dates are the 25th of the second month preceding date of publication.

APPLIANCES

ELEMENTS, for all makes of electric stoves. Reasonable price at retail. Good discount to trade. Write: Stove Klinik Ltd., Box 358, Caraquet, N.B. E0B 1K0

ART

SEAPORT ART WORKSHOP IN NOVA SCOTIA, Unique Acadian village, Studio and landscape painting. All levels, all media. July to October 15. Motel and campground with hook-ups nearby. Craft shop on premises. Leisure activities. Write or call Marie Adele Tuthill, Lower East Pubnico, Nova Scotia, B0W 2A0. (902) 762-2934

BOATS

BUYING OR SELLING A BOAT? Let Atlantic Canada's most active boat brokerage make waves for you. Commercial or pleasure, motor or sail. We have clients with sound financial backing waiting for just the right boat. Contact Scotia Boat Brokers Ltd. Box 94, Barrington, N.S. B0W 1E0 (902) 637-3059.

BOOKS

SALAR: THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC SALMON. A book that tells the tale of the salmon through themes of geography, history and ecology. For schools and those interested in Atlantic Heritage. 76 pages (40 in color). "Salar is a beautiful book that makes for stimulating reading". Quill and Quire. Write: International Atlantic Salmon Foundation, Box 429, St. Andrews, N.B.

WE BUY AND SELL used and rare books esp. Atlantic province material. Schooner Books, 5378 Inglis Street, Halifax 423-8419

BRONZING

HAVE YOUR BABY SHOES BRONZED by professionals in authentic metals. 25 year guarantee. We also bronze other memorable items, such as dog collars, horse shoes, smoking pipes, etc. (Free estimates). For details write to: Steve Clarke, 255 Leslie St., Apt. 2, Moncton, N.B.

SPECIAL TO ATLANTIC CANADA.....Bronzing Baby boots (solid metal process). Pair on beautiful walnut mount only \$24.95

Write for free literature on other mounts. Digital pen watches, \$25.00 each. David W. Dawe, 19 Kennedy Place, Mount Pearl, Nfld. A1N 1Z9

COLLECTORS

DO YOU OWN SOME OLD COINS? Do you know their value? Our publication "A Guide to the Value of Older Coins" contains information and prices on all Canadian, Nfld. and Maritime coins. Available for \$3.00 from ATLANTIC COIN COMPANY, Box 4490, St. John's, Nfld. A1C 6C8. We also buy Nfld., Canadian and U.S. coins. Write or ship for our generous offer.

ENTERTAINMENT

M.E.A.L. Musical Entertainment Agency Ltd. Booking agents, P.O. Box 6025, Stn. "A" Saint John, N.B. E2L 4R5

FOR RENT

COMMERCIAL—Annapolis Royal across from Liquor Commission, pleasant looking building former car dealership. 6500 Sq. Ft. on ground floor. 3000 upstairs. Unlimited parking. We could accommodate a number or variety of tenants. Long leases available at very reasonable rent. Contact Hans Kutschera 902-532-5427, or P.O. Box 428, Annapolis Royal.

SUPERIOR SERVICE LEASING LTD., Serving the Maritime provinces with long term leasing on all makes of cars and trucks. Also daily, weekly, and monthly rentals on trucks from 1/2 ton to diesel tractors and trailers. Superior Service Truck Rentals, Moncton, 854-9921, Saint John 652-6678. Fredericton 454-9061. Head office: P.O. Box 547, Moncton, N.B. Phone: 506-855-2162.

FOR SALE

1969 CORVAIR HARDTOP COUPE. Beautiful head-turner, just resprayed original powder blue. 34,000 documented miles; last one known to be sold in Maritimes. Features include automatic transmission, custom radio, rear-window defroster, bucket seats with rests, shoulder belts. Fine second car: out-appreciating investment. \$1750/offer. Box 173, Fredericton, N.B. E3B 4Y9 or (506) 454-8290.

TEN SPEED BICYCLE. Like new. Price \$75. Phone 736-6651. Sydney Mines.

FURNISHINGS

CUSTOM BUILT FURNITURE, R. Stevenson Wood Products, Halifax. 429-3903, evenings

ARTISTIC UPHOLSTERING, repair, upholster, refinish antique furniture, & wood-carving. 245 Collishaw St., Moncton, N.B. Phone: 382-1015

GENERAL

POSTCARDS! Beautiful natural color postcards of various sizes and styles. Also, brochures, letterheads, business cards, presentation folders, calendars and much more. Managers of distinctive restaurants, motels and hotels know that "a picture is worth a thousand words." What better way is there to advertise your business? For more information write: Atlanticcard, P.O. Box 6194 Postal Station "A", Saint John, N.B. E1L 4R6

FLOWERS SAY IT BEST. Flower Fair. Fresh flowers — dried flowers — plants — for all occasions. Box 53, Elmsdale, Hants Co., N.S. Leo J. Guyette, Prop. Phone: 883-2229

THOSE INTERESTED in forming a Prince Edward Island group of Amnesty International, please contact Malcolm and/or Elspeth Putnam, Kinloch, Charlottetown R.R. 1 Phone: 569-3917

THE N.D.P. is the only viable political party in Canada that is financially independent of undue corporate influence through financial contributions. Investigate the N.D.P. — Support the N.D.P. — Promote the N.D.P. — Vote N.D.P. — It will pay off.

STAG & DOE Beverage Room Ltd., 583 Mahon St., New Waterford, N.S., Phone: 862-9087 — (Doorman) Featuring a complete line of Games Room activities during the day. 5 Dart boards — standard size pool table — cribbage boards — tarabish — "Rummy" & 45 cards. 6 ft. giant color T.V. screen. 6 nights of live entertainment & dance floor. Featuring the top bands in the Maritimes.

THE JOLLY PIPER 73's — 88's Clan Gordon, The Sunshine Station. XM63-28947 Unit 147 May good blessings fall on you and yours. Roy K. Raynes. Clans: Gordon and Douglas Box 147, Kemptville, Yarmouth County, N.S. B0W 1Y0 One Canada, God Save the Queen.

SUSAN SMITH & FRIENDS, A Maritime Presence in The Caribou, 266 Oliver St., Williams Lake, B.C.

DARTMOUTH CABLE TV Ltd. Serving Dartmouth, Waverley, Lake Echo, Eastern Passage, Cole Harbour. A Choice of Networks. CBC. CTV. NBC. ABC. PBS. Movies, Sports, Game Shows, FM Music. "Dartmouth's own community channel" 469-9540, 190 Victoria Rd., Dartmouth, B2Y 4A4

AFTER SCHOOL PROJECTS LIMITED. Now in its sixth year of distribution of advertising material in the Maritimes. Employing two hundred youngsters, we can introduce your product or service to five or one hundred seventy-five thousand households. Efficient, effective exposure at lowest prices. We can help organize production of your material. After School Projects, Suite 103, Halifax Shopping Centre, Halifax, N.S. Phone: 455-2106

SPACE, THE FINAL FRONTIER. Interested in space exploration, astrology, or future energy sources? Should NASA's budget be increased rather than decreased? The international L-5 Society seeks to encourage harnessing solar energy, utilization of extra terrestrial resources, and the exploration of space. For information contact: L-5 Society, 1620 N. Park Ave., Tucson, AZ. 85719

MUSKOL — The repellent that really does work! Protects from black flies and mosquitoes up to 8 hours. An Atlantic Canada manufactured product. Distributed in the Maritimes by: B.H. Enterprises Ltd., P.O. Box 806, Moncton, N.B. E1C 8N6. Dealer inquiries invited

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES to the 'Atlantic Insight' from McKenna's Auto Service, Fogo Island Centre. Postal Address: Island Harbour, Fogo Dist., Nfld., Tel. — Bus: 266-2711, Res: 266-2307

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES for many years of success for a fresh, new outlook — "Atlantic Insight." Lone Pine Park Campground, Route 2 (T.C.H.) Penobscis, Kings Co., N.B. "The Groves Family"

PRESERVED WOOD FOUNDATIONS — The economical, energy-saving way to expand your living area, reduce construction time. Build your own, or we will fabricate to your specifications. Also available — "Wolmanized" Pressure-treated lumber for maintenance-free decks, patios, fences, landscaping projects. We deliver anywhere in Atlantic Canada. Good Wood Products Ltd.— 228 Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B. — 455-1023

HARDWOODS & PINE — Ash, birch, maple, 2X5, 2X6, 3X6, 2X8, 1" boards up to 10" wide. Pine dry 1" boards up to 20" wide. Also pine planks 2" and 3" thick up to 20" wide. \$.85 per board ft. Write Box 782, Wolfville, N.S. B0P 1X0 or telephone (902) 542-5304

CORMIER & LEBLANC (1968) Ltd. Fresh, frozen, canned seafood, "Uncle Pat" brand. Freezer & cold storage facilities Phone 577-4307. Telex 014-2117, Cap-Pele, N.B.

THE MATCH-MAKER wants to hear from you. Write to him stating your wants and/or availabilities. Send your proposals, policy guide

lines, etc., re lands, loans, products, etc., whether buying or selling, local, national, international and the Match-maker will try to match them up. Match-maker, Box 603, Moncton, N.B. E1C 8M7

GENERAL BUSINESS

ADMIRAL SUB, Sandwiches. 651 Topsail Rd., St. John's, Nfld. 709-364-2900. The only sub-shop of its kind in the Atlantic Provinces.

Monitor Channel 1 - 33, Landline (902) 761-2090, CIAD MILE FAILTE

WE ARE AUTHORIZED DEALERS FOR E.D. Etnyre & Co. selling and servicing asphalt distributors. Asphalt pavers, asphalt portable plants and asphalt curb machines. Road Equipment Sales Ltd. 698 Dunn Ave., P.O. Box 3484 Stn. "B", Saint John, N.B. (Formerly Tatton Equipment Ltd.)

AMSOIL SYNTHETIC LUBRICANTS — world's largest producer of synthetic lubricants for land and marine use, race and track proven. Discover the difference synthetic Amsoil can make. Dealerships available both part-time and full-time. Weatherdon's Amsoil Dealer. Box 2, Site 2, R.R. 1, Havelock, N.B. E0A 1W0 (506) 534-2210

FOR ALL YOUR FARM EQUIPMENT NEEDS, see John Juurlink, East Main Street, Antigonish, N.S. Tel.: 863-5991. Your Belarus dealer for eastern Nova Scotia.

POLLUTION CONTROL SERVICES LTD. Comp. 56, S.S. 3. New Maryland, N.B. E3B 5W9 (506) 454-5362. Wet-wells and lift stations. Garbage collection for municipal and commercial.

TRUEFOAM LIMITED, manufacturers of expanded polystyrene insulation. Trueboard walls & ceilings, True Wall* for concrete walls & floors, Insul-Wall* structural insulated wall panels, Trueside — backer board, Styrobar, exterior insulated sheathing. *Patent Protection applied for. 902-463-2440

GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING regularly to New York area with experience in public relations and sales will represent your company in import/export arrangements. Robert Baker, R.R. 4, New Germany, N.S.

NEWFOUNDLAND TRAILER SALES, P.O. Box 9413, St. John's Torbay Mall 722-4784 HI-LO Telescoping travel trailers, the safer more economical trailer, built better to last longer. you owe it to yourself to see one. Dealerships available

APEX TRICKLING FILTER SEWAGE treatment systems for big or small jobs. Manufactured in Moncton. Towns — Villages — Sub-Divisions — Motels — Schools — Fish plants, etc. etc. Low initial cost, electric power not required. Total design, manufacture and installation. Contact Apex Machine Works Ltd. P.O. Box 582 — Moncton, N.B. 388-4088

DEVON FOODS LTD. Box 7236, St. John's, Nfld. A1E 3Y4. Devon Foods Ltd. serving the hotel, restaurant & institutional food market in Nfld. is pleased to announce that it is soon to open a branch in Corner Brook. This will provide a complete service to western Nfld. customers. We are dedicated to providing quality products, and excellent service to all Nfld. Devon Foods — Specializing in coffee, tea & fresh whipped hot chocolate.

SUPERINTENDENCE CO. (Canada) Ltd. Societe generale de surveillance. Total Marine & Cargo Surveys. Weighers, samplers, Gaugers. Offices World Wide. Telephone: 902-422-7311. Telex: 019-21843

EASTERN TECHNICAL SERVICES LTD. Consulting engineers and materials testing. Gamma, X-ray, ultrasonics, concrete & asphalt lab services. Industrial engineering, Q.A. Audit. Municipal Design. Engineering Reports (Legal, foundations insurance). Saint John, N.B. 506-693-2752, St. John's, Nfld. 709-726-4622

M & M REPAIRS, Authorized Johnson Dealer, authorized Poulan dealer, Repairs made on all small engines, outboards, lawn mowers, and power saws. Musquash, Lepreau P.O. N.B. E0G 2H0 Phone (506) 672-2805

SEE HAROLD DAVIS at Nelson Monuments Ltd. 224 Westmorland Road, Saint John, N.B. Phone 652-4350. The only memorial firm in Saint John area selling products made in their own plant right here in Atlantic Canada, using granite from our own quarries. Head office and plant at Sussex. Nelsons are Atlantic Canada's largest and leading memorial company. "An Atlantic Plus company"

SUMMER COTTAGES, knotty pine type, patio doors, hot water heater, shower or bath, full plumbing and electric heat. Equipped with 2 double beds, dresser, chair, etc., 16' X 16', delivered. Phone 863-1050 or write: Cabins, P.O. Box 1720, Antigonish, N.S. B0H 1B0

MARK ROBERTSON, Victoria, P.E.I. 658-2977 — Insurance, investments & annuities.

HELP

HELP KING'S COUNTY, P.E.I. Anglican Parish with its \$25,000 rectory project. Send cheques to Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown, receive print of church

HAIR STYLING

INTERNATIONAL HAIR DESIGN, 5183 Prince Street, Halifax, 422-4648. Styling men and women.

METAL DETECTORS

METAL DETECTORS: 28 models. Free catalog. "Sell'r Shop", Box 112 T, Lawrence-town, Anna. Co., N.S. B0S 1M0. Ph:

Marketplace

1-584-3561. "Atlantic Region Distributor". Dealer inquiries invited.

NURSERIES

ENSERINK'S NURSERY offers you a fine selection for all your garden needs. Visit our greenhouses open daily from 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Aylesford, N.S. 422-9216.

OPPORTUNITIES

START YOUR OWN DAIRY BAR. Everybody loves ice cream. Easy to control, easy to operate, very high profits. Or if your present business falls into one of these categories let me show you how a TAYLOR FREEZER can add lots of profit to your business. Restaurants, Hospitals, Coffee Shops, Cocktail Lounges, Convenience Stores, School Cafeterias. Call Bob Duncan at 506-382-0892.

MINK RANCH OFFERS BREEDING STOCK IN DARK PASTEL, and white mink. These mink have captured many champions at shows in our 42 years of raising mink. We also offer silver and pearl platinum foxes. Fur farming could make a good sideline or a good business. For more information write, phone or visit Cabot Trail Mink Ranch, Breton Cove, N.S. Phone: 902-929-2710.

DEALERS REQUIRED IN ATLANTIC CANADA to handle national brand name travel trailers, hard-top campers, mini homes, truck campers, pedal boats, fibreglass runabouts, wood stoves, lawn and garden equipment and snowblowers. Write: Eastern Marketing Ltd. P.O. Box 97, Hartland, N.B. E0J 1N0 or Phone: 506-375-4511.

PROFESSIONAL

RESEARCH, EDITING, INDEXING by experienced librarians. (506) 472-9440 or 53 William St., Fredericton, N.B. E3A 4W7

W. BUTLER OPTICIANS LTD., Halifax Complete Optical service; Prescriptions filled; Repairs and New Frames; Prescription Sunglasses. 1533 Barrington St. 423-6039; Bayers Rd. Shopping Centre 455-4305.

THEATRE

SUMMERTIME BLUES? Cheer up with The Leading Wind theatre, Chester, Nova Scotia, with "The Mikado" (Aug. 2-Sept. 1). Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday; 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. Box Office: (902) 275-3171

THANK YOU

SCHOOL PICTURES ATLANTIC LTD. and National School Services Ltd. would like to

thank all those schools which participated in our picture program. We look forward to next season; also, congratulations to all graduates. Have a restful and enjoyable summer. Your school photographers: Norm DeWolfe—Manager, Doug O'Neill—Sales, Kirby Smith—Sales

TRAVEL

SEAFOOD—CHOWDERS—LUNCHES—LOBSTER suppers. Just 3 km from the New Brunswick-Nova Scotia border. Turn right at exit 3 on the Trans Canada. Home made rolls, & pies complement the freshly cooked fish. Live and cooked lobster for sale at our lobster pound. We pack complete take-out lobster suppers. Atlantic Lobster Suppers Ltd., P.O. Box 847, Amherst, N.S.

AVONSIDE MOTEL, Falmouth N.S. B0P 1L0, Hgh. 1, across the bridge from Windsor. Tel: 902-798-8334. 15 Units, 2 housekeeping, TV in all rooms. Full bathrooms with central heating. Located on Evangeline Trail, 1/2 mile from historic Fort Edward & near Grand Pre, home of Evangeline. Near 18-hole golf course, shopping centres, Lake Pesiquid. Features home cooked meals

SUNNY KING MOTEL INC., Cornwall, P.E.I. 38 units of which 27 are light housekeeping. Color cable TV, heated pool, laundromat, adjacent to Bonnie Brae Restaurant, lounge. Childrens playground, pets welcome, baby-sitting, deep sea fishing, clam digging, horseback riding arranged, private beach, located on Trans Canada highway 10 mins. from Charlottetown

GLYNMILL INN, Corner Brook. Quiet hotel in gracious surroundings. 90 rooms and 6 suites. 30 rooms air conditioned. All with color cable TV. Featuring The Carriage Room and the famous wine cellar for your dining pleasure. And the Tudor Lounge for a quiet, relaxing drink. Banquet, meeting and sample rooms available. Excellent facilities for meetings and seminars.

CRUISE NOVA SCOTIA'S South Shore on new Fairways Fisher-25, traditional British North Sea Trawler type ketch, with diesel auxiliary. Fully equipped for safe, comfortable sailing. Accommodates four guests overnight or six on day cruises. Skipper provided, however qualified sailors are encouraged to participate. \$100.00 per day, you furnish own food. Marriot's Cove Charters, Box 569, Chester, N.S., B0J 1J0 Tel: 275-4886.

GRAND MANAN ISLAND in the Bay of Fundy. Hikes, birdwatching, berry picking, wild flowers, good conversation. Visit The Compass Rose. June 1-Sept. 30. Charming guest rooms overlooking the sea, Maritime cooking with lobster, seafood, homegrown vegetables. Write: The Compass Rose, North Head, Grand Manan, N.B. E0G 2M0 (Tel.: 506-662-8570).

G. LANDRY & CIE. St. Pierre Miquelon Travel Agency — Liquors and Tobacco

"BLESSING OF THE CROPS FESTIVAL" each year Sunday preceding Labor Day

(Sept. 2, 1979) 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. King Seaman Museum grounds, Minudie; consists of old fashion costumes, hay & pony rides, home baking, chicken bar-b-q, two different church services, an ecumenical concert in evening in restored R.C. Church.

COME TO THE BEAUTIFUL EASTERN SHORE. Visit our fish processing plants, historical sites, churches, etc. Have fun at our beaches. Enjoy our good food and hospitality. It's a lovely place for a vacation. Come visit us. We'd love to have you. R.R. 2, Oyster Pond, Jeddore, Halifax Co., N.S. B0J 1W0

WRITING

FREELANCE PROFESSIONAL WRITER—Nfld. subjects—specialty, travel, vacation, recreation, general human interest. More than 25 yrs. experience. Long-line, native roots Newfoundlander. Contact: Doug Wheeler, 10 Allandale Rd., St. John's, Nfld. A1B 2Z5

Real Estate

Real Estate Advertising

Ads of a real estate nature offering homes and properties for sale or rent accepted in writing only with or without pictures (black and white) suitable for reproduction. Minimum size display ad, including picture, 2 column inches. Payment due with order. Rates are as follows: 1 time ad — \$140 for 2 column inches, 3 time ads — \$130 each for 2 column inches. Larger sizes available in increments of 1/2 inch. Non-display ads set in running copy only. Rates: \$1.00 per word, minimum 30 words. Complete rates available on request. Closing dates are the 25th of the second month preceding date of publication.

FOUR-BEDROOM farmhouse in Kedgwick River. A place to overnight while fishing on the Restigouche. If interested, write: John MacDonald, R.R. 2 Kedgwick, N.B.

UNDEVELOPED wooded acre lots for sale. Access to private beach on Maquapit Lake — Also camp sites for lease by season. No facilities. Apply P.O. Box 272, Saint John, N.B. Phone: 696-6628

BUSY BEE MOTEL for sale. St. Stephen, N.B. 12 motel units. 8 housekeeping cabins. Year round operation on 6 acres, with house and garage. Contact Edna M. O'Donnell, 95 Demonts Avenue, St. Andrews, N.B. E0G 2Y0.

LAND—In the beautiful Saint John River Valley. We have a wide variety of farms, home-steads and woodlands, with acreage ranging from 65 to 350 acres. Also rural homes with land from 2-190 acres. Contact Central and Eastern Trust Company, Box 610, N.B. Phone (506) 328-8847

Profile

Who's Atlantic Canada's gift to show business? Lyman MacInnis, that's who

Dozens of groups across the country may call themselves the Maritime Mafia. But in Toronto entertainment circles, the term has only one meaning: A close-knit clan that includes Anne Murray; her brother, singer Bruce Murray; her husband, Bill Langstroth, who's a writer and producer for TV and radio; singer John Allan Cameron—and Lyman MacInnis.

Although he's the least known, MacInnis may be the king-pin. He's the financial brains of the group, a Prince Edward Island-born accountant who advises the Maritime Mafia on everything from record contracts to real estate investments to the curtains Anne Murray will buy for her new home. "Literally," he says, "she will not buy unless she checks with me."

He rocks back and forth on his office chair in the 72-storey First Canadian Place tower. He's a partner in the huge accounting firm of Touche Ross & Co., and right now he's on the phone, not cooking up deals, but trying to round up members of the MM for tomorrow's baseball game. "It's a big game," he explains. "The Blue Jays are playing the Boston Red Sox. We're Blue Jays fans but nearly every Maritimer has a soft spot in his heart for Boston."

Their closeness goes beyond business and baseball. They play Rumoli together, feast together on the lobsters that Johnny Reid sends up from P.E.I. (he runs the Prince Edward Lounge in Charlottetown) and, come summer, they spend their holidays in Atlantic Canada. Most important, they've been making money together since 1971 when Murray's lawyer recommended she hire MacInnis, the accountant who'd just helped Bobby Hull land hockey's first \$100,000 contract. "They've invested carefully," says MacInnis. "The four of these people—Anne, Bill, Bruce and John—are always being harassed with all kinds of get-rich-quick schemes but they've never gone into one. They've followed my advice, 100%. And anything they've invested in, they've made money on." That includes blue chip stocks and bonds, annuities and real estate in Toronto and the Maritimes.

MacInnis' reputation as a "media accountant" stems only partly from his

clients. He's a minor celebrity himself, a frequent guest on radio and TV and a regular financial commentator on radio; he writes a column each week in the *Financial Times* and has written a successful book, *What You Should Know About Your Personal Finances*. He carries it off with a dapper, unaccountant-like élan: Light suits, floral ties. He's short (5 feet 3¾ inches) but looks taller when he lights up a cigar and talks about how well things are going for him.

MacInnis grew up in Morell, a fishing and farming village on P.E.I.'s north shore. After high school he headed for Toronto and became an office boy with *The Montreal Star*. He held several jobs while studying to become a chartered accountant and joined Coopers & Lybrand in Toronto in 1968. Two years later he was a partner and all went well until 1974. "By that stage," he says, "I'd been in the big leagues with the big, complicated deals and the really hard financial work. My wife, Anne, and I had always enjoyed the summers in P.E.I. and we thought, maybe it's time to lead the simpler life."

So they packed up and moved home, buying a house at Dunstaffnage, seven miles outside Charlottetown. It was a mistake. "My idea of roughing it is black and white television," says MacInnis. "The first morning I was there I suspected I was in trouble when I opened the front door and there was

no *Globe and Mail*. We missed all the things that some people don't like about a city: The crowds, the traffic, but also the theatres, the restaurants and the sports. And especially the newspapers. We were out of touch. While we were in P.E.I., Anne Murray won her first Grammy Award and we didn't hear about it for 2½ days."

They had to share a party line that included an elderly woman and her son, living in different homes. "The line was busy about six hours a day." Mostly, the MacInnises were just lonely: "We had such great summers in P.E.I. and the thing we didn't realize until we moved back was that most of the people we had good times with were the Mafia and other friends who only spent the summers in P.E.I." The move didn't last long. "We went down Dec. 1, 1974," MacInnis recalls, "and by Jan. 15, 1975, we'd decided to come back. My wife and I were sitting at the breakfast table and I said to her: 'I'm going back to Toronto—if I have to be a soda jerk at Kresge's.' And she said: 'Fine. Let's go.'"

A series of aggressive honks floats up from the street below, signalling the birth of yet another Toronto traffic snarl. It doesn't bother MacInnis. It's just part of what he calls the "variety and scope" of the city. Life down east? "I might move back when I'm older—maybe when I'm 55 or 60," he says, then pauses. "But I'd underline the *might*."

—Dick Brown



MacInnis went home to P.E.I. to stay. It didn't take. Back to Toronto

Fiction

MONIQUE

By Alden Nowlan

"Did you hear about Monique and the Gooks?" Stellarton said. She was peeling an orange with her fingernails. One of those angular women whose angularity is as provocative as another woman's curves. Bare-legged in a pale blue dressing-gown. This was in Lizzie Richmond's place on Salamanca Street, before the call girls, the deer-hunters' wives and urban renewal put the brothels out of business. We often went there to drink at two or three o'clock in the morning, after the paper had gone to press. Donaldson, the night news editor, said that under pretense of

keeping a bawdyhouse, Lizzie ran a bootleg joint.

"That Monique!" Casey said. "If brains were gunpowder she wouldn't have enough to blow her nose." She pulled her chewing gum out of her mouth and stretched it.

"Look who's talking," Stellarton said, dropping her orange peelings in a coffee tin that served as an ash-tray.

Casey stuck out her tongue. Her gum fell out of her mouth.

"Make sure you pick that up," Pop said. He tended the door, in which there was a peep-hole with a shutter

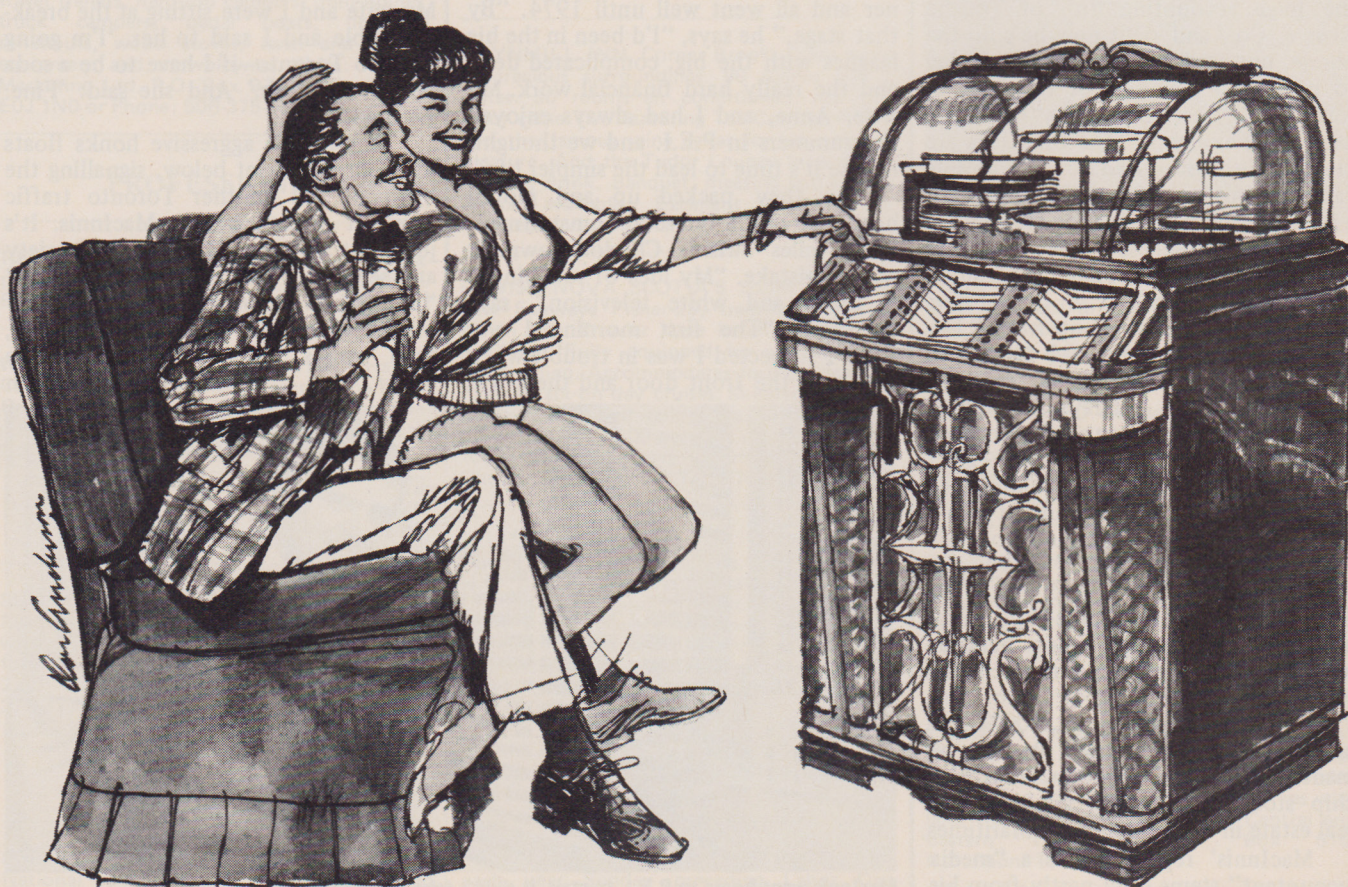
and marks that we pointed out to newcomers as bullet holes. Perhaps they really were bullet holes.

"What do you think I am?" Casey said.

"A cow," Stellarton said.

"Get off my back, Stellarton. For crying out loud."

At other times—on warm afternoons when they sat in the windows and laughed at, or with, the passers-by—they were like schoolgirls when one of them brushes another's hair and the consciousness of the one drowsily mingles with that of the other.



"What happened to Monique?" I said. She was the youngest of Lizzie's girls, and a beautiful object if you avoided her eyes, which were badly crossed. On quiet nights, she sometimes sat on my lap and played the jukebox, reaching back from time to time for another coin. The amazing thing about the jukebox was that it was in the kitchen.

"She's in jail," Casey said.

"Let me tell it," Stellarton said.

"What else is there to tell?" Casey said.

"I thought Lizzie had an understanding with the cops," Donaldson said.

"Sure," Pop said. "But this happened uptown."

"In a bank," Casey said. "I told you she was one dumb broad."

After my first visit, I had said to Donaldson, "A jukebox in the kitchen!" and he had replied, "Where would you have put it, then?"

"Come off it," he was saying now. "You're putting me on."

"They didn't get her for hustling," Casey said. "She was...."

"Shut up," Stellarton said. "You'll spoil it. Let me tell it."

"Excuse me for living," Casey said. She unwrapped another stick of spear-mint.

It was a very old Wurlitzer, with a hole like a lake and a long, twisting crack like a river in the window in front of the turntable—set up in one of those huge Victorian kitchens that contained a sofa as well as a cook-stove.

"What did the Gooks have to do with it?" Donaldson asked.

The slots that were supposed to contain little cards giving the titles of the songs were empty. Not that this mattered; the records were never changed. Monique's favorite was Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill."

"She ran into this guy uptown," Stellarton explained. "He was from one of those old tubs that have Wop officers and Gook sailors. The Wops were boozing it up at the Duke of Wellington Hotel. So the Gooks decided to have some fun themselves."

Next to "Blueberry Hill," Monique's favorite record was Perry Como's "Catch a Falling Star." Listening to the music, she was aware of me only to the extent that she would have been aware of any object on which she was seated.

"They didn't have any money," Casey said.

"They never have any money," Stellarton said. "That's what makes them Gooks."

Monique! She liked movies about real life, she said, especially when they starred Rock Hudson and Doris Day. Monique in panties and pullover. Beautiful enough, apart from her eyes, to

inhabit a boy's dreams or reawaken an old man's secret regrets. Her hair tickling my cheek, my chin at rest upon her shoulder.

"Poor sad cow," Casey said. "She spent the whole damn night with a ship-load of Gooks."

"You mean they forced her to go aboard?" I said. Donaldson laughed.

"Forced her, hell," Stellarton said. "They paid her."

"I don't get it. You said they didn't have any money."

"They had Gook money, dummy."

"Piastres," Pop said.

"No, no," Stellarton said. "They call them dollars, the same as we do."

"Hong Kong dollars," Donaldson said.

"Hong Kong dollars, King Kong dollars, what the hell's the difference?" Stellarton said. "It's all play money."

I might have gone to bed with Monique if it hadn't been for Charlie who, as often as not, sat on the wood-box across the room. He wouldn't have objected. In fact, he would have been pleased, so long as she took my money and provided she wasn't wearing his ring. When she was working, she took the ring off her finger and gave it to him and he hung it from a white ribbon around his neck.

"A white ribbon!" I had exclaimed to Donaldson; and he had replied, "So buy him a black one."

I didn't go to bed with Monique because, even after a third double rum and Coke, I knew that I'd have felt dirty afterwards. Not because she was a whore but because all the time that Fats Domino or Perry Como or Ricky Nelson ("There'll Never, Ever Be Anyone Else but You") was singing, she stared at Charlie, a little man with a face the color of an eggnog—and her poor, deformed eyes were luminous with love.

"She stayed with the Gooks all night," Stellarton continued, "and the next morning, they paid her with their King Kong dollars. Thousands and thousands and thousands of them. Stuffed into her blouse and into her pants, even into her shoes and stockings. She thought she was the richest god-damn whore in the world."

Donald's blurted laughter sprayed the air with rum. I wondered where Charlie was.

"Wait," Stellarton said. "You haven't heard the best part. She kicked up a hell of a fuss in the bank. Accused them of trying to cheat her when they told her that her Gook dollars weren't worth the paper they were printed on. Started yelling, 'I'm rich! I'm a millionaire!' She was still yelling it when the fuzz dragged her away." Stellarton began to peel another orange, biting off and spitting out a bit of the rind. "Some sad, eh?"



Cellulose INSULATION

- * Highest insulation value for a given thickness than other loose fill insulations.
- * Easy to install; call a professional or do it yourself.
- * CMHC accepted 8671

For more information write:
KERR CONTROLS LIMITED
P.O. Box 1500
TRURO, N.S. B2N 5V2

MOVING?

Attach address label here,
write in new address below.

Please give us 4 weeks notice.

Name _____

Address _____

Prov. _____ Code _____

Mail to:

Impact Publishing Limited
6088 Coburg Road
Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z4

Ray Guy's column

Nfld's secret plot to mau-mau those mainlanders

Score one more for us, Benson," I chuckled as we lifted our glasses to another small success. I'd just showed him Cheryl Ray's article on CFAs (Come From Aways) in last month's *Atlantic Insight*. After three years she was leaving Newfoundland more in sorrow than in anger but, it seemed, still thoroughly mystified. That's the way Benson and I operate. We mau-mau these CFAs in such a subtle yet effective way that they depart shaking their heads instead of their fists.

They realize that something has been dumped on them from great heights but they can't quite identify the substance. Benson and I and many others like us throughout the Great Island constitute a sort of Newfoundland freemasonry that is dedicated to keeping CFAs on the hop. It's an underground resistance. We don't wear sheets and we don't solicit gelignite funds from relatives in the Boston States. But we have our little ways. My own small part, for example, was to stir the masses through a daily newspaper column. "Each year that passes," I would exhort the great unwashed, "10,000 young Newfoundlanders are forced to leave home to work in the sweatshops and sewers of Toronto.

"And each year, 200 or 300 CFAs choose to come here to take over and run the place. Once here, what, brethren is their disposition? They bitch, bully and butt in. They come here as Top People and have an effect on Newfoundland out of all proportion to their numbers. What is to be done?"

Our crusade had lots of internal and external help. A premier of B.C. said "those Newfies" should quit being parasites on the Canadian taxpayer and go to B.C. to work out their dole. A premier of Alberta said tar-sands contracts must have an Albertans-first clause or "we'll be up to our knees in Newfies." A Toronto alderman declared that "those Newfies" did more to downgrade neighborhoods than any other immigrants. A British peer, brought here at great expense and outrageous perks to lend tone as president of Memorial University, complained that the \$200,000-house he'd been given had "dreadful asphaltum shingles."

Branch-plant managers groaned loudly in bars about shrivelled oranges, the weather in March and that "even the 7Up here tastes fishy." The wife of the top Grenfell missionary complained she had her cross to bear in teaching the native ladies the proper way to knit. His Holiness recently thanked the retiring archbishop for a job well done in the face of many difficulties "not the least of which was the rigorous climate." And he from Poland!

All that and much, much more...*plus* Newfie jokes.

Another dash of gasoline to the flames is that Canadians are such abysmally amateurish colonialists. They want to mingle, they want to be accepted, they try to be one of us. That is their fatal flaw. That cuts no ice here because we have known the best, the world professionals, the British. They never gave a damn if they were liked, they certainly didn't want to mingle and it was we who were supposed to become one of them...or colonial facsimiles thereof.



He resolved to stop an "impudent piece of mainland baggage"

All in all, there came to be a lovely head of steam built up against the CFAs. It made all those years of clandestine toil and sweat seem worth while when, for instance, I received an anguished letter from the wife of an IBM branch manager.

In the two-and-a-half years they'd been here, she said, she'd never once been asked out to a "native's" house. Their children were mocked and jeered in the schoolyard because of their New Brunswick accents. She said she knew a little more of what the Jews must have felt during the Weimar Republic.

Benson and I met in a Water Street beer-cellar to hoist another stein. "But before we get carried away," I said, "I've just come across the toughest CFA nut in all my years with the movement. I think I can crack her but it'll take all my time. Can you see your way clear to take over my case numbers 176 and 177—that's the two Connecticut anthropologists and the assistant head of the RCMP—so I can give her 24 hours a day?"

I'd been writing a weekly four minutes for CBC radio when all of a sudden the show's producer changed. The new one was a CFA of the most insufferable sort. She wanted to meet me face to face. She demanded I be more punctual about deadlines. She said I must either put up or shut up on the subject of political rumors. She called us a nation of sheep. She complained about a snowstorm (freakish and ever so slight) which occurred that year on June 12. She claimed that even Canadian beer in Newfoundland tasted like tom cat's urine strained through lumberjacks' socks.

"That impudent piece of mainland baggage, Benson!" I sputtered. "She shall be stopped, and stopped she shall be...even...even if I have to take the Ultimate Step!"

"For God's sake, man, no not that!" Benson blanched. "We'd have to deny we ever heard of you. There'd be no question of a decoration, then. You'd automatically be placed on our Roll of Immortals, of course, but that's to be kept secret until 100 years have passed."

"Do not try to stop me, sir," I said, ordering another round, "because if it comes to that, I am resolved. Ah's me, Benson, had I but served my God half so well as I have served my country..."

It did come to that. A few months later the CFA and I were married. That was nearly four years ago and we have been blessed with two little half-breeds who must soon face the schoolyard gauntlet. Those CFAs may indeed bury us one day, but by jingo, the least we can do is resolve to take one with us. For all that, there are times, lately, when I think she may be right about the beer.

Sip Bacardi before you mix it.



Sure. You'll see why Bacardi rum mixes so beautifully with cola, orange juice, tonic, or soda. It's because Bacardi is beautiful all by itself. **BACARDI rum**

FOR A FOOD AND DRINK RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE: FBM DISTILLERY CO. LTD., P.O. BOX 368, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO L6Y2L3. BACARDI RUM(S) PRODUCED BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BOTTLED BY FBM DISTILLERY CO. LTD., CANADA.



There's nothing quite like it

*That's the taste of Seagram's V.O.
Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky.
So smooth, so mellow. So fine in flavour.*

Only V.O. is V.O.

